

# THE CRITIC

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## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*Life of the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan, of Kabul; with his Political Proceedings towards the English, Russian, and Persian Governments, including the Victory and Disasters of the British Army in Afghanistan.* By MOHAN LAL, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans.

As fair a specimen of the art of book-making as ever was produced by the most skilful bookseller hack, in those palmy days when cheap books had not appeared to disturb the calculations of the Row. Two volumes on the life of DOST MOHAMMED KHAN! Surely, this must be an ample memoir, minute almost to tediousness. Whence could so much material have come? How, and when, and where collected?

The mystery is not so profound as it appears. Not one-half of the whole is devoted to the biography; the other is eked out with selections from other books, parliamentary papers, and commentaries on things in general, and the Indian war in particular. MOHAN LAL has been, however, fortunate in a subject. Considerable curiosity is felt in England about the fortunes of a foe who has proved himself so formidable as DOST MOHAMMED KHAN, and a few of the more interesting passages from the memoir will not be unacceptable to the readers of THE CRITIC.

DOST MOHAMMED KHAN is one of a very numerous family. His father was distinguished for his warlike achievements, and to his skill and bravery was SHAH ZAMAN indebted for his throne. But, as is not unfrequent in the strange drama of Eastern romance, services were rewarded with the bow-string. The possessor of the throne feared the greater power of the man who placed him there. An excuse was readily found for removing a shadow from the path of the despot. The benefactor was murdered by the sovereign he had made. His family were reduced to beggary, and twenty sons were thrown upon the charity of the pious. After many changes of fortune, FATAH KHAN, the eldest son, raised an army, dethroned the ungrateful SHAH ZAMAN, avenged his father's death, by putting out the prisoner's eyes, placed his brother MAHMUD on the vacant throne, and being now a great man, took the boy, DOST MOHAMMED, into his service, and finding him extremely intelligent, admitted him to his confidence.

The scene was shifted. Another revolution thrust out MAHMUD, and raised another brother, SHAH SHUJA,

to the unstable throne. His first act was to arrest the man who had placed him there. DOST MOHAMMED, with characteristic energy, gathered an army and hastened to the rescue of his brother. He besieged Kandahar, and starved the treacherous prince into submission. FATAH KHAN was released, and the brothers determined to revenge themselves by restoring MAHMUD. After a short campaign, in which DOST MOHAMMED exhibited great courage and address, the army of SHAH SHUJA was completely routed, MAHMUD restored, and FATAH KHAN took office as his chief vizier; and the young DOST MOHAMMED vigorously employed himself in removing, *per fas aut nefas*, all who stood in the way of the ease or the ambition of his brother. How this was done appears by the following account of the murder of MIRZA ALI KHAN:—

On receiving the orders of the Vazir, Dost Mohammed armed himself cap-a-pie, and taking six men with him, went and remained waiting on the road between the house of Mohammed Azim Khan and the Mirza. It was about midnight when the Mirza passed by Dost Mohammed Khan, whom he saw, and said, "What has brought your highness here at this late hour? I hope all is good." He also added, that Dost Mohammed should freely command his services if he could be of any use to him. He replied to the Mirza that he had got a secret communication for him, and would tell him if he moved aside from the servants. He stopped his horse, whereupon Dost Mohammed, holding the mane of his horse with his left hand, and taking his dagger in the right, asked the Mirza to bend his head to hear him. While Dost Mohammed pretended to tell him something of his own invention, and found that the Mirza was hearing him without any suspicion, he stabbed him between the shoulders, and, throwing him off his horse, cut him in many places. This was the commencement of the murders which Dost Mohammed Khan afterwards frequently committed.

After a series of such deeds of violence, FATAH KHAN's ruin came upon him unexpectedly. The Persians had attacked Herat; he proceeded with his brother to its relief; DOST MOHAMMED was directed to besiege the city and seize the palace. This monstrous act of treachery was unhesitatingly performed, although they had been received by the prince with entire confidence and friendship.

He entered the city, as was arranged, with his retinue, and after the sun rose and the Shah Zadah's courtiers had gone out to Fatah Khan, as usual, the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan massacred the palace-guard and seized the person of the Shah Zadah Firoz. Afterwards he commenced to plunder and to gain possession of all the jewels, gold, and treasure

of the captive prince, and even went so far as to despoil the inmates of the household; and committed an unparalleled deed by taking off the jewelled band which fastened the trowsers of the wife of the Prince Malik Qasim, the son of the captive, and treated her rudely in other ways. The pillaged lady was the sister of Kam Ran, to whom she sent her profaned robe; and the Shah Zadah, or her brother, resolved and swore to revenge the injury. Fatah Khan was informed of the immense booty which the Sardar had taken, and also his improper conduct towards the royal lady; and the Vazir planned to take the plundered property from the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, and to chastise him for his deeds in the palace. The Sardar having heard of this, made his way through the mountains to join his brother Mohammed Azim Khan, the Governor of Kashmir. He was there put under restraint by the direction of the Vazir, who was preparing again to wage war with the Persians.

The treachery was amply avenged. The prince seized **FATAH KHAN** by a stratagem. His end is thus told:—

No tragedy of modern days can be compared with that barbarous one that ended the life of the Vazir. He was conducted blind, and pinioned, into the presence of Mahmud Shah, whom he had elevated to the throne. The Shah asked him to write to his rebellious brothers to submit, to which he replied with fortitude that he was a poor blind prisoner, and had no influence over his brothers. Mahmud Shah was incensed at his obstinacy, and ordered him to be put to the sword, and the Vazir was cruelly and deliberately butchered by the courtiers, cutting him limb from limb, and joint from joint, as was reported, after his nose, ears, fingers, and lips had been chopped off. His fortitude was so extraordinary that he neither shewed a sign of the pain he suffered, nor asked the perpetrators to diminish their cruelties, and his head was at last sliced from his lacerated body. Such was the shocking result of the misconduct of his brother the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan towards the royal female in Hirat. However, the end of the Vazir Fatah Khan was the end of the Sadozai realm, and an omen for the accession of the new dynasty of the Barakzais, or his brothers, in Afghanistan.

Thenceforth, for many years, anarchy prevailed. Kings were set up and bowled down, passing across the stage as fast as the phantom progeny of Banquo. Victory ultimately rested with **DOST MOHAMMED**, who secured Cabul, while various provinces were possessed by his brothers. How he did this, and how he wielded the power he had won, will appear by the following extract:—

The Sardar stated on his return from Qandhar, that he had got rid of one enemy in the person of Shah Shuja, now defeated, but another was powerfully wounding his heart and honour by the constant turn of affairs, and by the remembrance of the inroads made by an infidel into the Mahomedan land. In this he alluded to the conquest and possessions of the Sikh army at Peshavar; he planned to declare a religious war, in the view that having no money himself to levy troops, he could hardly persuade the people to take up his cause; whereas under the name of a war for the sake of religion, he might be successful. The priests were accordingly consulted, and all the chiefs, as well as his counsellors, and Mirza Sami Khan, concurred in the opinion that the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan should assume the royal title, and proclaim himself as king; because the religious wars, fought under the name and flag of any other than a king, cannot entitle the warriors to the rights and honours of martyrdom, when they fall in the field. The Sardar was not altogether disinclined to assume royalty; but the want of means to keep up that title, and the unanimous disapproval of his relations, prevented him from adopting the name of king. The Sultan Mohammed Khan was so jealous of the Sardar's taking the royal title, that he left Cabul on the pretence of going to Bajaur. In the mean time the Sardar, without any preparation or feast, went out of the Bala Hisar with some of his courtiers: and in "Idgah" Mir Vaiz, the head priest of Cabul, put a few blades of grass on the head of the Sardar, and called him "Amir-ul-momnin," or, commander of the faithful. The change of title from Sardar to the higher grade of

Amir-ul-momnin, made no change nor produced any effect upon the habits, conduct, and appearance of Dost Mohammed Khan, except that he became still plainer in attire and in talk, and easier of access. The only difference we find now is that of addressing him from this time as Amir. Before the Amir came to the final determination of extortion, the head-priest, Khan Mulla Khan, satisfied him by saying that it was not contrary to the Mahomedan law to snatch money from infidels, such as Hindu bankers, if it was disbursed amongst warriors of the true faith. As the Amir was really in pecuniary wants, and had the sanction of the priest, he therefore seized all the Shikarpuri merchants, and demanded three lakhs of rupees from them. The Amir sent openly, as well as clandestinely, his confidential men into all parts of the country, who spared no time in forcing the payment of the demands of their employer; and where he had given orders to raise a certain sum from certain bankers of a district, the persons employed on this occasion did not forget to fill their own pockets besides. Those who fell into the hands of these official banditti were tortured and deprived of their health before they would part with their wealth; and those who escaped suffered by the confiscation of their moveable property. Sham-shuddin Khan at Ghazni, Mohammed Usman Khan at Balabagh, and Mohammed Akbar in Jalalabad, as well as the other petty governors of the various small districts, received instructions from the Amir to follow his example in seizing and torturing, and thus depriving the wealthy of their money. This method of extortion did not remain limited in application for the infidels alone, but gradually it involved the Mahomedans. In the city many principal persons suffered, and among them a rich trader of the name of Sabz Ali, who was commanded to pay thirty thousand rupees, and having refused the payment of so large a sum, he was confined in prison, and torture of every horrid description was inflicted on him by the Amir. Some days he was branded on his thighs; and on other days, cotton, dipped in oil, was tied over his fingers, and burnt as a torch; and after many days of agony the poor man expired. On this occasion the Amir only uttered a word, that he wanted his money and not his death; which, however, could not make him a loser, for he forced the relatives of this victim to pay, and thus obtained this sum. The whole country at this time was an appalling picture of extortion and torture, and he continued to spread havoc all around till a sum of five lakhs of rupees was thus unjustly gathered up for the religious war of the faithful.

And here let us introduce some passages from his private life.

It should not be omitted to mention that while the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan was occupied by day in endeavouring to increase his power and territory, he was not less active at night in planning the augmentation of the number of his wives, that he might complete the cabinet of his pleasures. In some instances, however, his matrimonial connections were merely political expedients, and not for any domestic comforts. The number of his married wives is not under fourteen, besides the numerous retinue of slave girls. At present the mother of Mohammed Akbar is his favourite, and takes the freedom to give him her opinion on important occasions. She is descended from a high family, but is very jealous of the other wives of the Amir. Every one of them has a separate allowance, a slave girl, and a slave boy; and they occupy different rooms in the palace of Haram Sarai, which is encircled by a high wall. Only one door is there for communication, where a few men, generally of old age (Qabchis), are stationed. When the slave boy is absent, the slave girl brings orders from her mistress to the "Qabchi" for a purchase, or for any other purpose from the inside. If I remember the name well, one of the wives of the Amir, who is named Bibi Gauhar, excited the great jealousy and animosity of the mother of Akbar Khan, who always sought for an excuse to create the suspicions and the wrath of the Amir against the rival lady. One evening, there was a demand of firewood in the establishment of Bibi Gauhar, and her slave boy brought a quantity of it piled on the back of the seller. His eyes were, on entering the palace-door, blindfolded, and his face wrapped in a cloth, while he was conducted by the boy. After unloading the burden from his back, he was in the same manner brought back and let out of the Haram Sarai. Hereupon the pene-

trating and jealous mother of Akbar Khan thought this the best opportunity to excite some abusive but unjust suspicion of her character in the heart of the lord. The Amir was quietly asked in through Mohammed Akbar Khan; and the mother of the latter, taking him aside, stated that it was a disgraceful thing that her "ambagh," rival wife of the Amir, was visited by her paramour, who came in under the disguise of a wood-seller; and she then fabricated sufficient stories to make the Amir prepared to meet her object, for he appeared incensed, and considered that it was not a fabrication; and the poor lady, who a little before was the charming idol of the Amir, was sent for and ordered to be punished for her misconduct. Her assertions of truth were not listened to, and he told Mohammed Akbar Khan to wrap her all in a blanket, and, throwing her on the ground, to strike her with sticks. The son was now perfectly aware of the jealousy of his own mother against her, and did not fail to inflict many most severe and cruel blows upon her. She was not released until she fainted, and appeared quite motionless in the bloody blanket. After some time, when she recovered, the Amir found that he had been deceived by his wife, the mother of Akbar, and he apologised to the sufferer for his sad mistake, and punished the fair inventor of the story (Akbar's mother), only by not going to her apartment for a few days. Bibi Gauhar was the widow of Mahmud Shah, afterwards of Mohammed Azim Khan, and is now one of the Amir's wives. At breakfast one day the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan asked one of his guests to eat an egg; to which he replied, that he had already eaten a considerable number of slices of roast mutton, and feared an egg might cause an attack of indigestion. This made the Amir burst into laughter, and he said that the Amir Bangashi's wife bore a more masculine taste and appetite for eggs than his noble guest, who appears to yield in this affair to a female. In an amusing tone of voice, Dost Mohammed Khan entertained the circle of his courtiers with the following anecdote:—When I went to the Bangash country to collect the revenues of that district, political circumstances induced me to marry the daughter of the chief, afterwards known as the mother of Mohammed Afzal Khan. According to the custom of the Afghans, the parents of the lady place several baskets of fruits and of sweetmeats, and one or two of boiled eggs, coloured variously, in the chambers of the newly-married pair. After the dinner was over, the Amir with his bride retired; and while amusing themselves with conversation, he took a fancy for some grapes, and the bride handed him an egg, which he found, in fact, to have a better taste than any he had ever had before. He added that he saw his bride using her fingers with admirable alacrity in taking off the skin preparatory to swallowing an egg, and that this activity continued till she finished the whole basketful, to his astonishment; and he remarked that there were not less than fifty eggs in the basket!—In the number of his wives the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan has one from the royal family, which case is unprecedented in record or even in rumour, for no one ever was allowed to make a matrimonial connexion with the royal or Sadozai females. On the contrary, it was considered a great honour if any descendant of the Sadozai would marry a female from the Barakzai tribe, namely, that of the Amir, or indeed of any other tribe besides their own. When the decline of that dynasty commenced, she attracted the sight and attention of the Sultan Mohammed Khan, the brother chief of the Amir, at Peshavar, and a correspondence began between them. She prepared to leave Kabul to be married with her intended husband, under whose escort she was proceeding. The Amir had also lost his heart for her beauty, and got hold of her by force and married her immediately. This at once created, and has ever since maintained, a fatal animosity between the brothers; and the Sultan Mohammed Khan has often been heard to say that nothing would afford him greater pleasure, even at breathing his last, than to drink the blood of the Amir. Such is the nature of the brotherly feeling now existing between them; and the Amir has often and justly mentioned that these three words, commencing with the Persian letter "ze," and pronounced like *z* in English, are the principal and deadly causes of quarrel among men, namely, "*zan*" (female), "*zar*" (money), and "*zamin*" (land).

MOHAN LAL enters at great length upon the history of the origin of the Afghan war. It seems that a prominent cause of quarrel was the jealousy entertained by

the Afghan chiefs of the English officers, who were continually intriguing with their wives. One instance of this will suffice.

A gentleman who had taken up his quarters at the house of the Navab Jabbar Khan, won the heart of the favourite lady of his neighbour Nazir Ali Mohammed, and she, crossing the wall by the roof, came to him. The Nazir waited upon me, and I reported the circumstance to Sir Alexander Burnes while the defendant was breakfasting with him. He, of course, denied ever having seen the lady, on which the Nazir was dismissed, and I myself was always disliked from that day by that gentleman for reporting that fact. The Nazir then complained to the minister of the king, and he sent us a note demanding the restoration of the fair one. The constable saw her in the house, and gave his testimony to this as a witness; but Sir Alexander Burnes took the part of his countryman, and gave no justice. One night the very same gentleman was coming from the Bala Hisar, and abused the constable for challenging him, and next day stated to Sir Alexander Burnes that he was very ill used, on which Sir Alexander Burnes got the man dismissed by the king. The lady was openly sheltered at the house of the same gentleman after some time, and came to India under the protection of his relatives. Nazir Ali Mohammed and the constable (Hazar Khan Kotval) never forgot these acts of injustice of Sir Alexander Burnes, and thus they were stimulated to join with Abdullah Khan Ackakzai, and to strike the first blow in revenging themselves on that officer. A rich merchant of Nanchi, near the city, had two years previously fallen in love with a lady at Hirat, and after great pains and exorbitant expense he married her, and placed her under the protection of his relations, while he went on to Bokhara to transact his commercial business. In the absence of the husband a European subordinate to the staff officer contrived her escape to his residence in the cantonment. The wretched man, on hearing this catastrophe, left all his merchandize unsold, and hastened back to Kabul; and there were no bounds to his tears and melancholy. He complained to all the authorities, and offered a very large sum to the king to have his fair wife restored to him; but she was not given up. He at last sat at the door of Sir William Macnaghten, and declared that he had resolved to put an end to his own life by starvation. When that authority appeared partly determined to order the lady to be given to her lawful husband, she was secretly removed to a house in the city. Hereupon the envoy appointed two of his orderly men to enter the house, and to give her into the charge of the plaintiff; but now the very officer who had offended Nazir Ali Mohammed and Hazar Khan Kotval, came to Sir Alexander, and begged him to pacify the envoy, which he agreed to do. On this a sum of four hundred or five hundred rupees was offered to the husband, if he would give up his claim to his wife; and Sir Alexander Burnes employed Nayab Sharif and Hayat Quasfahbashi to persuade the poor husband of the lady to accept these terms, stating that otherwise he will incur the displeasure of that authority. The poor man had no remedy but to fly to Turkistan, without taking the above-mentioned sum. When her paramour was killed during the retreat of our forces from Kabul, she was also murdered by the Ghazis, with the remnant of our soldiers who had succeeded in making their way forcibly as far as Gandumakh.

Although DOST MOHAMMED is reigning in full enjoyment of power, his manner of life is represented as debauched and dissipated in the extreme; but MOHAN LAL is nevertheless of opinion that, with all his faults, he is the only man who could govern the country, whose energy and firmness can keep the rebellious chieftains in check. He says,

On the whole, whatever odium may be attached to the Amir of Kabul, it is an unquestionable fact that he is the only person fit to rule Kabul. Dost Mohammed Khan is of the Sunni religion, being the son of an Afghan; but as his mother is a Shia, he is therefore suspected to be of her creed, though he does not confess it openly. He has indulged in all sorts of dissipation, and experienced all kinds of hardships. When he gained power, he prohibited the sale and the use of wine, and prevented dancing girls from remaining in his kingdom, while the dance performed by boys was considered lawful. One day he was informed that some women were drinking and dancing



privately in the house of Husain, the servant of Nayab Abdul Samad, on which the Amir sent people to seize them. The punishment inflicted upon them for drinking wine against the Mohammedan law and his own notification was the infliction of deformity instead of their beauty, in order to prevent them from appearing again in drinking parties. Their heads were shaved, and the beard of the host was burnt by the flame of a candle! The Amir Dost Mohammed Khan always gets up before it is dawn, takes a bath, makes his prayers, and reads a portion of the "Qoran" every morning. After that, Mahmud Akhund Zadah gives him some lessons in history as well as poetry. He receives afterwards the state people privately in the dressing-room of the bath, and then comes out to hold his court. He sits there generally till 1 p.m. Now he had his breakfast, or I may say his dinner, as it is just the same as he receives after sunset. When he has finished his breakfast or midday meal, he sleeps till 4 p.m. He then discharges his prayers, and proceeds usually to ride, sees his stud, and returns to the palace, where he dines with his immediate courtiers and friends. There is then some talk of his early proceedings and of his future plans; and the wonder, the jealousy, and the ascendancy of foreign powers are discussed. Sometimes chess, and at other times music, were the favourite amusements of the evening. He amused himself generally in this manner till one hour past midnight. All the chiefs are then dismissed, and on retiring the Amir resides in the apartments of his wives. They live in separate parts, and the Amir pays a visit to one lady one night, and to another wife the next night, and no one is visited two nights successively except the mother of Mohammed Akbar Khan.

*The Life of Cardinal Wolsey.* By JOHN GALT. Third Edition, with additional illustrations. London, 1846. Bogue.

THIS is the latest, but not the least welcome, addition to *Bogue's European Library*. Mr. GALT'S *Life of Wolsey* has already undergone the ordeal of criticism, and has received the stamp of public approbation. A third edition of such a work was worthily introduced in a series whose unprecedented cheapness brings it within the reach of readers of the most moderate means. But not only have we here for three-and-sixpence a book which before cost a pound, at the least; it has been considerably enlarged by appropriate additions from other standard works on the same subject. Until this biography be read, a very incompetent idea will be formed, even by those most conversant with our best histories, of the true character of the magnificent man whose wondrous history it unfolds.

#### HISTORY.

*A History of Inventions, Discoveries, and Origins.* By JOHN BECKMAN. Translated from the German, By WILLIAM JOHNSTON. Fourth edition. In 2 vols. London: Bohn.

THIS will probably be the most popular addition yet made by Mr. BOHN to his "Standard Library." BECKMAN is the recognised authority on the very important subject he has made known, and with which his name is irrevocably associated. Hitherto the work has been to be obtained only at a price which placed it far beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. To Mr. BOHN belongs the credit of having reproduced this admirable history, not only revised, corrected, and enlarged, but beautifully printed, and sold at a cost which will enable every household, however humble, to add it to its library.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Life in the Wilderness; or, Wanderings in South Africa.* By HENRY H. METHUEN. London, 1846. Bentley. The Caffir war has given a painful interest to South Africa, and Mr. METHUEN'S volume comes opportunely to gratify the curiosity which recent events have excited in the public mind relative to a region the most fertile

in vegetable and animal life, the most picturesque and the least civilized upon the face of the earth.

Mr. METHUEN'S aims are very humble. He does not profess to enter on a detailed history of the colony, or to offer advice to emigrants, or to discourse upon questions of government and economy. His purpose is only to describe faithfully what he saw and heard during an eight months' journey in the wilds of South Africa, dependent even for his subsistence upon his horse and his rifle. Adventures of this sort have always a charm for readers, and for our own part we vastly prefer this plain, straightforward transcription of a journal written while the scenes were fresh in the mind, and with the glow of the chase, or the struggle yet animating the fingers, to the most elaborated composition which the regular geographer could set before us. We like, too, the form of a diary; it gives reality to the story; it carries us to the place, and identifies us with the progress of events; we become, as it were, one of the party, measure time and distance, partake of trifling troubles and pleasures; we soon come to feel more as the confidant of an individual than the reader of a book, and a sympathy once established, we care no more for criticising words and manner; we look to meaning, and greedily devour the stirring story, indifferent whether it be told with the skill of authorcraft.

On the 28th of August, Mr. METHUEN landed at Cape Town, of which he speaks as favourably as does every traveller. The situation is exceedingly picturesque; the houses are large, handsomely built, and beautifully clean: prosperity appears on all sides. There is an abundant supply of good butcher's meat, vegetables, fruit, and especially of fish, of which there is a great variety. The Cape salmon, one of the best, seldom weighs less than five pounds, and is sold for less than a penny! While at Cape Town, he accomplished the

#### ASCENT OF THE TABLE MOUNTAIN.

During my sojourn in Cape Town, I ascended Table Mountain, in company with three other persons. The activity of this mountain may be said to commence with the edge of the harbour. We were delighted on our way up by the great variety and beauty of the wild flowers and flowering shrubs, and threaded our path through much low bush, till after some toilsome climbing we reached the kloof, or hollow, up which is the only accessible road in front of the mountain. An exceedingly pretty tree, called the silver tree (*protea argentea*), grows only in this neighbourhood: it does not attain to any large size; the leaves are very numerous, lanceolate, and of a delicate silvery hue, with a down over their surface, which renders them as soft to the touch as satin, to which their gloss makes them not dissimilar. Much of the fire wood used in the town is furnished by this tree. At the kloof the real difficulty of the ascent began: it was very steep, and covered with loose stones, which perpetually slipping from under the feet, seriously retarded our progress; then a high step of some feet presented itself; and all around lay enormous masses of rock, separated by decomposition from the lofty crags which in solemn majesty towered above our heads, threatening to crush us with another of their tremendous missiles. On some ledges and crevices small shrubs and flowers had made good their footing, and water trickled slowly, drop by drop, from the moss-grown precipices; while, to heighten the picture, and impress it more deeply on our memories, a few thunder-claps grumbled in the distance, as if the old mountain were speaking. I was disappointed on attaining the summit, which commanded no really fine scenery but that of Cape Town and its vicinity, and this place, with its harbour, shipping, streets intersecting each other at right angles, and gardens lay drawn out beneath us as on a map. To the west and south was the vast South Atlantic Ocean, its horizon too remote to be distinguishable, and the Lion's-head Mountain, which was plainly below our level. To the north and east, blue ranges of mountain were dimly discernible, enclosing a dreary, barren-looking country. Many flowers were in blossom on the summit, and there was an abundance of round white quartz pebbles, freed by its disintegration from



the sand-stone in which they had been embedded. The height of this mountain is 3,582 feet; that of the Lion's-head 2,760. I afterwards ascended to the top of the latter, which is a far more dangerous and difficult undertaking; for a great portion of its height it is necessary to climb with hands and feet as up a wall, over huge blocks of stone, and alongside giddy precipices. With the assistance of several friends, I, on this occasion, dislodged a ponderous stone, of circular shape, and rolled it down the declivity; it seemed to have for ever bidden adieu to the *vis inertia*, and making the most prodigious bounds, rushed madly forward, with frightful velocity, as if it had resolved to visit Cape Town. We stood aghast at its progress—some silver trees grew in its course, one of which it demolished like a sapling. On—on—it still flew towards a herd of unsuspecting cows, which were grazing at the mountain foot, but before reaching them it charged an enormous indolent rock, which happily gave one turn, and again sunk into repose, but divided its opponent into four fragments, which passed through the cows without touching them, and subsided in a deep gully. This gave me some idea of the effect which the vast masses of rock on the sides of Table Mountain would have on Cape Town, if any convulsion of nature should set them in motion.

From the Cape districts Mr. METHUEN sailed for Port Elizabeth, and four days after reached Graham's Town, and thence he wandered into the wilderness. The manner of travelling is thus:—

#### TRAVELLING IN THE WILDS.

Travellers often accomplish a long day's ride of fifty or sixty miles, only once taking off the saddle that the horse may roll (which many people say does him as much good as a feed of corn), and pick up what little pasture he can, in the course of half an hour, by the road-side. To prevent the creature absconding, a leather thong, or *rim*, which is kept wound round his neck while under the saddle, is loosened, and his head and knee so closely secured together by means of it, that he is reduced to a hobble, and can be caught at pleasure; this is colonially termed *knee-haltering*. For courage as shooting ponies they cannot be surpassed—they are of middle size, and have no great personal attractions—a canter is their common pace, which they will keep up for a great length of time—many of them are trained to amble, but a good trotter is very rare. They have of late years been much crossed with Arabian and other imported stock, which has decidedly increased their stature, and improved their looks, but whether it has increased or diminished their hardness, is matter of doubt. Numbers are now exported to the Calcutta and Mauritius markets, for which this breed is more adapted. Ox and horse waggons supply the other modes of conveyance, and parties making long journeys in this manner invariably carry with them their bedding and provisions, and bivouac along the road, strongly reminding an Englishman who sees them seated under a green bush, round a blazing fire, on which pots and kettles are duly arranged, of a gipsy group in his native land.

And now we are introduced to

#### THE CAFFIRS.

A colonist once told me that the Caffirs did not often take unbroken horses, the labour of taming their refractory spirit neither suiting their inclination or their powers of horsemanship, but that they discovered those broken in by the following ingenious plan. A rope is fastened breast-high across an interval between some bushes, into which the horses are gently driven; the young and unbroken horses, feeling this impediment in their path, become restive, and escape, either by going back, or leaping the obstacle, but the rest stand and permit themselves to be caught. Violent and bloody conflicts often ensue when the colonists overtake the thieves, for the Caffirs are courageous as well as active; they are reported, in their warfare, never to give or ask for quarter, and to be very cruel to their prisoners. The *gua* is now coming into general use amongst them, and will prove a formidable addition to the spear, or assegai, their chief weapon in the last war. They reminded me very much of the North American Indians, as described by Cooper; their warriors are, in general, models of symmetry, tall, of graceful carriage, elastic step, and independent air, so that no one can help admiring them, but "*Hunc tu Ro-*

*mane caveto*." Their thefts are neither so bad nor so sanguinary as were those of the borderers in Scottish and English history, and there is more to allege in excuse of their conduct. Every Caffir must purchase his bride by so many head of cattle, and what stronger inducement could be held out to a poor man, young and of a dauntless spirit, to take part in a *border foray*—considered honourable among his tribe—than the hope of winning by its means the object of his attachment? What exploits did not the knights of chivalry perform, instigated by a similar motive! It is true, the tender passion may not be accompanied in the savage by the same fine sentiment, but it affords as strong and wild an impulse to action. Of the extent of their depredations some notions may be formed by a statement, which I have heard many farmers make, that, though horses now abound in Caffir land, there are few cases on record of their ever purchasing one, and the animal was formerly unknown there. They rode and still ride oxen, on which they occasionally race for their amusement. To the Fingoe herdsmen they bear a deep-rooted hatred. These persons were their slaves till released in the late Caffir war, and taken under British protection, from which time they have resided in the colony; and, from the reciprocal aversion between them and the Caffirs, are the more vigilant and faithful in protecting the flocks committed to their care. In aspect they much resemble the Caffir, but differ slightly in language. The management of matters on the frontier is very difficult; the old law went no farther than to enforce compensation, or a restoration of the property, where it could be traced into Caffir land. The farmer having thus far pursued his stolen cattle, was obliged to stop and appeal to Government, when the chief, into whose territory the thieves had retreated, was compelled to make the loss good. The chiefs could always restrain their subjects if they chose, and therefore deserve to be made responsible. By the new law they must also surrender the offenders up to justice—an excellent alteration of the old system. It is not possible to conceive a line of country more eminently adapted to the vagabond and predatory life of the Caffir than that which prevails along the frontier. The interminable Fish river and Cowie bushes afford him an unfailing, and nearly impregnable shelter, from which, in the late war, our troops had the utmost difficulty in dislodging the enemy; beside these, there are other extensive jungles, and the ground is very irregular, with innumerable small hills, woody valleys, and ravines. Many ruined and deserted houses still bear testimony to the disastrous incidents of the last war, which was commenced simultaneously by the Caffirs along the eastern frontier on the eve of Christmas-day. It should be stated, as creditable to them, that they spared the women and children, and sent many of them unharmed to Graham's town. This place was so crammed with fugitives, that even the church was filled. Hundreds lost their all, and the price of cattle was raised so materially, that even after a nine years' peace, it is not as low as it was before the war began. The Caffirs are a more temperate, and far superior race to the Hottentots; they rarely drink to intoxication, but are in the habit of smoking that pernicious weed, called *dacca*, a kind of wild hemp, which stupifies them, and is said to produce consumption. The Bechuanas also smoke this weed, and one of their modes of doing so is singular enough; two holes, the size of the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, are made in the ground about a foot apart; between these a small stick is placed, and clay moulded over it; the stick is then withdrawn, leaving a passage connecting the two holes, into one of which the requisite material and a light is introduced; and the smoking commences by the members of the party, each in turn, lying on his face on the ground, inhaling a deep whiff, and then drinking some water, apparently to drive the fumes downward. During this process their eyes water and grow inflamed, they cough, bark, and resemble maniacs. Their pipe may confidently be pronounced as economical a one as any yet invented.

Meeting at Graham's Town with three gentlemen, Messrs. A. PEARSON, A. BAIN, and G. MONYPENNY, our author agreed to join them in an excursion into the wilderness. Their mode of travelling was by waggons drawn by

#### THE CAPE OX.

The sagacity and docility of the Cape ox, when properly

trained, is amazing: good cattle, without any guide, and on the darkest night, will adhere to a road, and never leave it whilst in harness; should they by any accident lose their way, they will stop. On these occasions the two leading oxen, always the best in the span, carry their heads close to the ground, and seem to be exercising all their powers of discernment. They obey the voice of their driver, when desired to go to the right or left, with great readiness. I have even heard of a trader to Port Natal, whose oxen would bring an empty waggon across narrow but deep rivers, if they only saw their master wave a white handkerchief on the opposite bank: the leaders appeared to watch for this signal, and, on beholding it, at once dashed in and swam in its direction. This story may appear incredible, but I had it from a very respectable person. It may assist the reader to give him a slight description of the Cape ox-waggon; it is clumsy and uncouth in appearance, but never was any vehicle more admirably adapted for contending with bad roads, upsets, and other vicissitudes of South African travelling. Should an overturn occur, it is so constructed that the sides, roof, and other portions, easily detach themselves from the bed, and in half an hour all may be replaced; or if a fracture have taken place, excepting in the wheels, which can rarely happen, it may be mended, or supplied on the path, by the aid of a few tools and some green wood.

Their first point was the Fish River, and thence to Fort Beaufort. On the 20th of May he notes, "We are at last entering on a game country," and thenceforward animated nature appears to have formed M. METHUEN'S principal attraction. On that day he killed a sort of bustard and a springbuck. The next day he saw for the first time

#### THE GN00.

Here we first saw the common gn00, lashing its tail about, kicking, rearing and curvetting in the usual eccentric manner of its race: they certainly are the most original brutes in existence, and afford the hunter some of the most delightful and thrilling scenes of the chase. On being approached, they commence their antics, standing still at intervals, stamping with their forelegs, shaking their heads and staring wildly; but when the sportsman draws near them, they commonly perform two or three circles, which gives him an opportunity of lessening his distance from them by urging his horse in a right line at its best pace; they then rush off up the wind (as do nearly all wild animals here, that they may scent danger a-head), and are so swift, that if a shot is not obtained in the first instance, on their completing their evolutions, it is of little use pursuing them.

On the 31st they reached

#### THE ORANGE RIVER.

The stream appeared to be about one hundred and fifty yards across, and on either bank was a luxuriant stripe of jungle,—willows dipping their boughs in the current; but the largest trees had been swept away by a recent flood. Here the feathered tribe is more numerous than in most places. The cooing of many different sorts of doves, the noisy cackle of the Egyptian goose, which is common along the rivers of South Africa, and the scream of the heron, are continually audible. At this spot a punt has been constructed by a sensible Scotchman, named Norval. It has proved to be an admirable speculation; his charges are 1*l.* for every waggon, and for stock in varied proportions; while the river having been hardly ever fordable for two years, has almost given him a monopoly of the extensive traffic in cattle, horses, sheep, and goods, from the regions of the interior,—from ten to twenty waggons sometimes crossing in a day. The loose oxen are commonly made to swim over, which they seem very reluctant to attempt, but when forced into the water by the shouts and long whips of their drivers.

On the 30th of June they were fairly in the region of lions, and we have this graphic sketch of

#### A LION HUNT.

30th. Before daybreak I was roused from my slumber in the tent by Bain saying, "something has got hold of an ox," and listening, heard the poor creature bellow and moan pite-

ously, but in a kind of stifled tone: the horses had all been fastened to the waggon wheels, but the oxen, having had a hard day's work, had been allowed to lie loose during the night. Mr. Bartlett's hint flashed on my recollection, but all soon became quiet again, and till dawn nothing could be done: in the course of half an hour the grey light was, we judged, sufficient for our purpose, and three of us, well armed, sallied forth in the direction of the outcry, to reconnoitre. We marked a crow hovering, and by its guidance soon discovered one of the best oxen lying dead. We approached with caution, and a quick-sighted Hottentot pointed to the large print of a lion's foot in the sand just by us. The lion had attacked the ox in the rear, and fastened his tremendous claws in the poor wretch's side, one having pierced through to the intestines: he had then bitten him in the flank, and, to shew the prodigious power of the monster's jaws, the thigh joint was dislocated, the hide broken, and one of the largest sinews snapped in two, and protruding from the wound: having thus crippled his victim, he had, apparently, seized him by the throat and throttled him. We could discern that the cattle had all been sleeping together when first surprised, and the lion, following on the trail of some Griqua horsemen, whom he had met on the preceding evening, had come across the oxen, and sprung on the nearest. We traced his spoor all along the road to the scene of slaughter, and on the retreat after it—he had not eaten a morsel, which was some satisfaction to our feelings. The first scuffle had evidently been violent, for the ground was much indented by it. This having been the outside ox, and the wind blowing from the rest, they had not smelt their dreaded foe, and had only run a little way off, else they would not have stopped for many miles. Execrations and cries for revenge were universal, so forming a large party, we started in pursuit of the lion, attended by some good dogs. With the greatest difficulty we followed his track over sand and stones, by the assistance of Hottentot eyes; but even these would in one or two cases have failed, if a sagacious dog, perceiving our object, had not run on the scent, stopping constantly to see if we advanced, as if conscious of the fierce creature we were pursuing. The search became at intervals very exciting, when the spoor led into a glen of long dead grass, or rushes; but, whether purposely or not, the lion always left us to windward, so that his nose would inform him of our approach; and after a fatiguing, unsuccessful chase, the sun growing very hot and our stomachs craving for breakfast, we resought the waggons. The habits of the king of beasts are not of that noble order which naturalists formerly ascribed to him. In the day-time he will almost invariably fly from man, unless attacked, when his courage is that of mingled rage and despair. I have seen the lion, suddenly roused from his lair, run off as timidly as a buck. It is said that even at night they do not like to seize a man from a party, especially if the persons exercise their voices; and that the carcass of an antelope, or other game, may be preserved untouched by hanging some stirrups on a branch near, so that the irons may clash together when blown by the wind: a white handkerchief on the end of a ram-rod is another receipt for effecting the same object. The lion is a stealthy, cunning brute, never attacking unless he has the advantage, and, relying on his vast strength, feels sure of the victory. The natives tell incredible stories of his sagacity, which would almost make him a reasoning animal. There are well-authenticated cases on record of lions carrying men away at night from the fire-side, but these are quite the exception—they are gregarious, as many as twenty having been seen in a troop. Barked of our revenge, we started for the next water, but first of all we carefully cut up, and stowed away, all the flesh of the dead ox, leaving only the entrails, which vultures and crows would speedily devour, and dragging the hide behind the last waggon, that the assassin might follow and be entrapped. We came to a pool, called Pappukull's fontein, surrounded by low clumps of bush and long grass, well fitted to be the head-quarters of *felis leo*. Two guns loaded with slugs were secured to stakes near the water, their muzzles protruding through some bushes, cut and placed so as to conceal them: a string was then attached to the triggers, and fastened to a large piece of meat, in such a manner that any creature laying hold of it would discharge the guns in his face. Care was taken that there should be no path but in front of the battery, and twilight had begun to

fade when all our preparations were completed. Much trouble was experienced in tying up the oxen and horses; one young ox broke away, and was of necessity abandoned to his fate. Good fires were made, a slight hedge of thorn boughs was formed round our camp at the least secure point, and, supper over, we all retired to bed. At about 2, A.M. Hendrick, ever wakeful, shouted out, "There stands the lion! shoot!" and before we could jump from our beds, the discharge of a gun was heard. The horses and cattle had been very uneasy for some time previously, snorting and struggling to get free: one horse actually broke his halter, and ran away, but was brought back by Frolic. It is miraculous how both escaped from the lion, which then must have been prowling round us. On emerging we saw the oxen, like so many pointers, with their noses in one direction snuffing the air; and found that an old white ox that had not been fastened up on account of its age and docility, but merely driven amongst the rest, had strayed about thirty yards from our camp, to nibble some grass, and had been assailed by the enemy. Piet said that he saw the brute on the ox and fired, whereupon he relinquished his prey and fled, and the poor terrified ox hurried back to the waggon and his comrades; where he began stretching out first one leg, then another, as if engaged in a surgical examination of his limbs. The air all the while was piercingly cold, and a basin of water in the tent had a coat of ice on it an inch thick. The fires were anew supplied with fuel, and a watch set, the profoundest silence, broken only by the deep breathing of the oxen, reigned again; and, being thoroughly chilled, we nestled once more under our warm blankets. On inspecting the trap in the morning, we found, to our grievous disappointment, that a bad cap had prevented the principal gun from exploding; and that the small one had gone off, but missed its aim—the meat bore the mark of a claw, but none of it was eaten. The ox which had deserted was found uninjured, but the white one shewed several severe scratches on his neck, which swelled extremely.

Under date of the 26th of July we find this narrative of

#### HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

Striking at last on the fresh track of elands, we espied, to my infinite delight, some giraffes quietly cropping the high boughs of the mokala-tree; their long taper necks stretched to the full length, twisting their flexible upper lips round the leaves and young shoots. A short council of war was held—a long one to me—and away we darted in pursuit. The animals soon perceived us, and took to flight; charging through some bushes, and striding clear over others with their Broddinagian legs, and cantering in the most ludicrous manner imaginable; the hinder legs at each spring coming beyond the fore ones, and working outside them by at least two feet; their tails all curled over their backs, and their necks and heads rocking, from their peculiar motion, like a ship's mast in a heavy swell. I was quickly alongside the largest, and contrived to separate it from the herd, when, although strongly excited, I could not help remarking the strange sight which these colossal brutes exhibited, each followed by such comparatively insignificant, dwarfish men and horses, whom, had the fugitives possessed courage to make resistance, one of their kicks must have annihilated—truly is "the fear of man on all creatures." Thorns scratched and tore my clothes to ribbons; all my companions vanished, though reports on all sides proclaimed the work of death in progress; and my giraffe amusing itself by throwing dirt and sticks behind it in my face, I galloped ahead, and, dismounting, fired my favourite two-ounce Purday's rifle behind its shoulder, when, to my great joy, the animal stopped after running twenty yards—reeled—tottered, and laid its steeple-neck prostrate on the earth.\* Then came a certain degree of compunction; I knew the flesh and skin would neither of them be wasted, and I rarely deviated from the rule of never taking away life but for the sake of procuring food or a specimen; but the full, eloquent black eye of the giraffe called me murderer, and I could hardly bear to look at it. They are beautiful exemplifications of vast power united with benevolence or inoffensiveness. The Balalas came up to me, and merry smiles illuminated each tawny visage at the thoughts of the banquet in store. Cutting off

\* It is a singular fact that, under no circumstances, either of pleasure, pain, or fear, are the eland and giraffe known to utter any sound.

the tail with its long tuft of black hair, I rode to seek the Griquas, and Frolic, who had absconded, and it proved on inquiry, instead of attending to me, had been hunting for his own pleasure; but under the circumstances, his fault was pardonable. Out of ten giraffes, six had fallen; they were all cows, and mine, the largest, was only about fourteen feet in height, but it being the first time I had seen the creature in its wild state, it appeared enormous. I have since shot the bull standing between eighteen and nineteen feet high, and, amongst several adult males killed by me, generally found this to be the outside limit of their stature.

A few days afterwards we are presented with this vivid picture of

#### A QUAGGA HUNT.

We had ridden within a mile of the mountains, which, clad in wood at their bases, and intersected by dark ravines, formed with their rugged summits a most striking object, when we encountered some Bakatlas, armed with shields and assegais. They talked very fast, and made many signs, from which we concluded that they knew where game was, and were desirous to lead us to it. Parties of men, however, shouting with stentorian lungs, issued from the bushes on all sides; a giraffe was seen striding rapidly away; presently a herd of quaggas, pallahs, gnoos, and ostriches, shewed themselves. I shot a pallah and a quagga, right and left, but only obtained the horns of the former, the natives having skinned the head. Fresh bodies of men, running and hallooing, burst in view, till we were completely mystified on the subject. The quaggas turned back, and I rode after them, and then, by the hedges on each side of me, first discovered the object of the natives, and that I had entered within the limit of their game-traps. Two wattle hedges, of perhaps a mile in width at the entrance, contracted to a long narrow lane, about six feet in breadth at their termination, where were two covered pit-falls, with a number of loose poles placed in parallel lines above each other, at either extremity of the pits, to prevent any creature escaping, or pawing down the soil. Noises thickened around me, and men rushed past, their skin cloaks streaming in the wind; till, from their black naked figures and wild gestures, it needed no Martin to imagine a pandemonium. I pressed hard upon the flying animals, and, galloping down the lane, saw the pits choke-full; while several of the quaggas noticing their danger turned upon me, ears back and teeth shewing, compelling me to retreat with equal celerity from them. Some natives standing in the lane made the fugitives run the gauntlet with their assegais: as each quagga made a dash at them, they pressed their backs into the hedge, and held their broad ox-hide shields in his face, hurling their spears into his sides as he passed onward. One managed to burst through the hedge and escape, the rest fell pierced with assegais, like so many porcupines. Men are often killed on these hunts when buffaloes turn back in a similar way. It was some little time before Bain and I could find a gap in the hedge, and get round to the pits, but we at length found one, and then a scene exhibited itself which baffles description. So full were the pits, that many animals had run over the bodies of their comrades, and got free. Never can I forget that bloody, murderous spectacle; a moving, wriggling mass of quaggas, huddled and jammed together in the most inextricable confusion;—some were on their backs, with their heels up, and others lying across them; some had taken a dive and only displayed their tails; all lay interlocked like a bucket full of eels. The savages, frantic with excitement, yelled round them, thrusting their assegais with smiles of satisfaction into the upper ones, and leaving them to suffocate those beneath; evidently rejoicing in the agony of their victims. Moseleli, their chief, was there in person, and after the lapse of half an hour, the poles at the entrance of the pits being removed, the dead bodies, in all the contortions and stiffness of death, were drawn out by hooked stakes secured through the main sinew of the neck;—a rude song, with extemporary words, being chanted the while. Vultures hovered over-head in anxious expectation of a feast, and Moseleli, who received us civilly, and shook hands with us, sat in his leopard-skin caross upon a dead quagga, receiving the congratulations of his courtiers, for this flesh is a very favourite food with them. His appearance was mild but undignified. We were in great luck to witness this sight, since it had been a royal hunt, such as the



Highlanders practised of yore for the amusement of their chieftains. A large extent of country is encircled by men on these occasions, who, narrowing to a centre, drive all the game enclosed within their ranks to the desired point. I counted twenty quaggas as they were being extracted from one pit, not more than ten feet square and six feet deep.

On the 13th of August they reached Mabotsa, after passing through a country remarkable for verdure and picturesqueness. The place is the site of a new missionary station.

#### MABOTSA.

A view of Mabotsa opened quite suddenly upon us. Four or five hundred huts, each surrounded by a bush kraal, with streets of the same, accounted for the havoc amongst the trees which had struck us on our journey; stumps about a yard high standing like gate-posts along the valley. We became quite entangled in the labyrinth of wattle lanes, till our guides brought us to the royal abode; by the side of which is a court or cotla, used as a place of congress. In the midst of this sat Moseleli, in his leopard caross, on the skin of a lion; his counsellors round him, while a distinguished visitor, Sichele, chief of a branch of the Baguaine tribe, wearing a straw hat, was seated on one side. Escorted by Moseleli and his retainers we went to Mr. Edwards, the missionary's house, but found only Mrs. Edwards at home, her husband being on a visit to the Baburutsi. The house was speedily filled by the natives (the Bakallas), who are wonderfully inquisitive, and talk incessantly to us, though well aware, that without an interpreter we cannot comprehend one word in twenty. Mr. Livingston arrived in the evening, and was of material service to us as interpreter. Most of the men have scars on their cheek-bones, which are produced by their being cupped for ophthalmia, a disease which is very common amongst them, and being contagious, is quickly spread by the flies, which cluster below the eyes of the person affected, and when disturbed fly to those of the bystanders, inoculating them with the malady. Presents of a sour beverage, called bogale, made from fermented millet, were sent us in large bowls by the chief, together with some cat-skins, and some porridge, bagobi, made also of millet-flour. This bogale is universally presented to visitors of distinction, and is always, with great courtesy, tasted first by the donor, to shew that it contains no poison; a custom which Mungo Park mentions in his travels.

In a note we find this account of

#### THE BURYING BEETLE.

The various species of burying beetles, which act as scavengers in the removal of the faces of other animals, afford analogous instances of design and adaptation, and cannot fail to arrest the attention of travellers in South Africa. They belong, I believe, to the genus *athecus*. Their powers of scent must be marvellously acute; in the space of a couple of minutes fifty or sixty of them, of different sorts, will congregate round a heap of wet dung, which they mould into round pellets, and roll away, trundling them along backwards; their hinder feet resting on the ball, their fore ones on the ground. Vigorous battles are fought for these pellets, and they are commonly buried within a few yards of the spot whence they came; probably the insects deposit their eggs in them, and thus provide nutriment for the larvæ when hatched.

The party had killed a rhinoceros, and now the work of flaying him commenced. The scene is unique.

#### CUTTING UP A RHINOCEROS.

Hacking away with tomahawk and assegai, the savages in a little while separated and removed the entire ribs from one side of the female rhinoceros; two of them then stepped inside the belly, and standing in blood above their ankles, aided their comrades in baling the clotted, glutinous substance into the intestines, which had been previously inverted, and fastened up at one end. Thus a black pudding on a large scale was manufactured. It is needless to state that all the process was completed by hand, and that with their naked arms and legs, besmeared and encrusted with blood, all talking vehemently together, they were a savage and terrible group. The flesh was cut into long thin strips to dry, for salt is here very scarce, and all the bushes round were festooned with odious

garlands of this nature. The dainty morsels off the rhinoceros are the hump, and a layer of flesh and fat in equal proportions which lies on the ribs; their taste, when from a young animal, or one in good condition, is not disagreeable; but let those who complain of tough beef-steaks in England try the temper of their teeth on the flesh of a venerable rhinoceros, and they will thenceforth be less scrupulous in their diet.

As the narrative consists almost entirely of sporting adventures, we are compelled to extract largely from them; but they are always interesting, and we make no apology for presenting so many. On the 31st they fell in with

#### A LEOPARD'S LARDER.

The Hottentots led us to the water near our camp, and shewed us a singular phenomenon, in the shape of a leopard's larder. These creatures frequent the stony and bushy declivities of hills, preying chiefly upon the smaller sorts of game, and also upon baboons, with which the similarity of their haunts often brings them in contact; the baboons are spirited animals, and invariably assisting each other when in difficulties, often repel their assailant. In the present instance some savoury morsels of flesh were stowed away in the forks of a wild olive-tree, at about ten feet from the ground, and carefully concealed by some twigs, the leaves of which were just shrivelled. The propensity for laying by a reserve to meet any emergencies is commonly observable in the dog, and the same instinct also characterises various birds, as the raven and the jackdaw. Another singular phenomenon, which often attracts our notice, is the architectural skill of certain caterpillars, which construct small log-houses, either of thorns or twigs, united together lengthways, in so perfect a mode that no chink is visible, and then swing their dwellings from a spray by a single thread. The habits of the English caddis-worm are very analogous to those of this creature.

Their sports were not always unattended with danger. They had a very narrow escape, on one occasion, in the course of

#### A BUFFALO HUNT.

There were no trees of any size which we could climb, excepting a few small *wait-a-bit* thorn trees, which tore our clothes in shreds. Balanced on the low boughs of one of these, I struck another bull, which ran towards the report, his ears outstretched, his eyes moving in all directions, and his nose carried in a right line with the head, evidently bent upon revenge—he passed within thirty yards of me, and was lost in the bush. Descending from my frail perch, Frolic again discovered this buffalo standing amongst some small thick bushes, which nearly hid him from view; his head was lowered, not a muscle of his body moved, and he was without doubt listening intently. We crept noiselessly to a bush, and, some twigs intervening between his shoulder and the line of aim, I fired through them, and again had the satisfaction of hearing the ball tell:—the huge brute ran forwards up the wind, fortunately not in our direction, and stood still again. No good screen being near, and his nose facing our way, prudence bade us wait patiently for a change in the state of affairs. Presently he lay gently down, and knowing that buffaloes are exceedingly cunning, and will adopt this plan merely to escape notice and entrap their persecutors, we drew near with great caution. I again fired through his shoulder, and concluding, from his not attempting to rise, that he was helpless, we walked close up to him, and never can the scene which followed be erased from my memory. Turning his ponderous head round his eye caught our figures, I fired the second barrel of my rifle behind his horns, but it did not reach the brain. His wounds gave him some difficulty in getting up, which just afforded Monypenny and myself time to ensconce ourselves behind the slender shrubs that grew round the spot, while Frolic unwisely took to his heels. The buffalo saw him, and uttering a continued unearthly noise, between a grunt and a bellow, advanced at a pace at which these unwieldy creatures are rarely seen to run, unless stirred by revenge. Crashing through the low bushes as if they were stubble, he passed me, but charged quite over Monypenny's lurking-place, who aimed at him as he came on, and lodged the ball in the rocky mass of horn above his head:—the buffalo was so near at the

time of his firing, that the horns struck the gun-barrels at the next instant; but, whether the noise and smoke confused the animal, or he was partially stunned by the bullet, he missed my friend and continued his pursuit of Frolic. It is impossible to describe what were our sensations at this time; though all the incidents here related occupied but a very little while, there was sufficient time to reflect on and realise the greatness of our danger. Frolic dodged the enraged and terrific-looking brute round the bushes, but through these slight obstacles he dashed with ease, and gained ground rapidly. Speechless we watched the chase, and in the awful moment, regardless of concealment, stood up, and saw the buffalo overtake his victim and knock him down. At this crisis my friend fired his second barrel into the beast, which gave Frolic one or two blows with his fore-feet, and pushing his nose under endeavoured to toss him; but the Hottentot, aware of this, lay with much presence of mind perfectly still. Monypenny now shouted to me, "the buffalo is coming," and, in darting round a bush, I stumbled on my rifle, cutting my knee very badly. This proved a false alarm, and directly after the buffalo fell dead by Frolic, who then rose and limped towards us. He was much hurt, and a powder flask which lay in his game-bag was stamped flat. The buffalo was too weak to use his full strength upon him, having probably exhausted all his remaining energy in the chase, otherwise the Hottentot would undoubtedly have been killed; since a man is safer even under the paws of a wounded lion, than under the head of an infuriated buffalo.

(To be continued.)

**Prose from the South.** By JOHN EDMUND READE.  
In 2 vols. London: Ollier.

MR. READE is a gentleman who has acquired a certain degree of notoriety in the literary world by his unblushing imitation of and plagiarism from BYRON. Not without a certain amount of ability, he nevertheless has forborne, through divers long poems, ever to trust his own powers of flight, but with a strange unconsciousness that the world was at least as familiar with his model as himself, he persisted in publishing volumes of poems, whose very thoughts and words were transferred almost bodily from the pages of "Childe Harold." Among these curious specimens of imitation, there was, if we remember rightly, a poem entitled "Italy." Whether the same tour that inspired the rhyme forms the subject-matter of this *Prose from the South*, we have no knowledge. Enough that Mr. READE has thought fit to throw before the public, always curious about whatever relates to lovely Italy, his observations and cogitations in the plain dress of prose. He tells us in his preface that "the reader will find that scarcely a prominent object of interest has been passed over, while many are dwelt on for the first time. Scarcely any topics of temporal interest have arrested me; the political interests of the hour have received only a passing notice. The objects illustrated are unchangeable." This is boastful enough, and, after so much trumpeting, we look for something like a performance to justify the boast. But what disappointment! In no particular does Mr. READE carry out his professions. Numberless objects of interest have been passed over; and we have not noticed one that has not been described before. Then his criticisms on art are usually extremely shallow—that is, when they are original; for in this particular he is as prompt to borrow from predecessors as he has shewn himself in his poetical compositions. When he paints from nature, having the simple duty of just describing what he has seen, he is less obnoxious to censure; but even here he affects the poetical in turn of thought and diction more than is becoming, a mere narrative. For instance:

THE FEET OF THE VINE-DRESSERS, he walloped

It was with no common zest that I set off, on October 7th, at seven o'clock in the morning, to see the fete of the vine-dressers—the latest vestige of the festal ceremonies of the Greeks and Romans. The very mountains around seemed

instinct with life; the lake with boats and skiffs, anything that would float on water. All hastened from their most retired cottages—from the greatest distances—all were aware of the grand day, the once only in eighteen years. What a startling space in human life! All were pouring into Vevay, which, like a brook swelled by the rains, held on that and on the following day little short of twenty thousand people. I found it, indeed, an exciting spectacle. A large level space of ground was enclosed; a scaffolding, capable of containing three thousand persons, was overflowing,—here was to be the crowning of the prizeholders; while another, opposite, held twelve hundred persons. In the space between the two a high platform was erected, above which, and along its whole extent, were arches of flowers, in honour of the crowned vine-dressers, and representing, at the same time, the productions of the four seasons; here was to be held the dancing, after the procession; nothing could be more Arcadian than the appearance of this charming canopy, not to mention the happy faces under it. Each of the nine divisions of the vine-dressers being arrived in the enclosure, a deputation of dancers from each corps, headed by the musicians of Bacchus, advanced toward the directors to accompany them, and to bear the flags and the rewards decreed to the twenty-eight best vine-cultivators. At this moment the scene was most interesting. The directors rose from the front of the scaffolding, to a full burst of music from an orchestra beneath of one hundred and seventy musicians—responded by the shouts of multitudes: the enthusiasm arising from such a scene may be imagined. Immediately afterwards, a deputation of vine-dressers, preceded by music, and by a guard of Swiss in their ancient costume, advanced, accompanied by two directors, to occupy the seats decreed them on the scaffolding; at this moment there arose again a responding air from the musicians, chorused by the multitude. The grand priest of Bacchus, the two priestesses, and twelve Canephores, then mounted the scaffolding—all in classical costume; and, while all the spectators were seated, his Reverence (as he is called) the chief director, a fine old man, harangued the vine-dressers; after which he placed on their heads a crown, decorated them with a medal, and restored to them their pruning-knives with honour. I regretted that I could not hear the address; but nothing could be finer than the moral effect—no words could heighten it. Here were men crowned before their fellow men, for doing best their natural occupation; for fattening, and "replenishing the earth," for rearing best the vineyard! How unstained were their laurel wreaths—how much to be envied! how well deserved, by rising before the sun—by resting at his set; by being, also, good fathers, good husbands, and good citizens!—for all this is well ascertained—indeed, here it is natural. I repeat, nothing could have a deeper moral effect than the scene; and as I saw broad, bronzed, honest features lighted up with smiles, and fine athletic forms set off by gay costumes, I thought I never saw men so happy as they.

The sight was beautiful; for what is happiness but moral beauty? I thought of the olden time—of "Arcadia and golden joys." "Vain fancies," said I to myself—"dreams of things which never were; or if they were, are now realised before me." I observed one of those who were crowned—a handsome young peasant—look archly at some one behind me, and with an expressive toss of his head; I turned round, and, by the extreme likeness, felt certain it was his sister; she was turning to her mother, and I heard her say, "How happy this will make our good grandmother." 'Tis thus with these mountaineers—in the very crowning of their best wishes, they remember the smallest corner of their far fire-sides. I ought to add, that the finishing of the coronation was marked by a flourish of horns and trumpets in honour of their triumph—an ovation, I should call it; the directors then, with the priest and the priestesses, chanted a long hymn in their honour. At the termination of their chorus, the orchestra played the air, to those exquisitely touching words, so often sung in England, so truly felt here—

O ma patrie! O mon bonheur, tiled at esbarnes nait  
Toutjours echie, tu remplis mon cuer.

No conception can be formed of the enthusiasm of this moment—the immense mass of life around had only one heart, one voice, one soul; and as they threw up the song exultingly to the bright blue sky above them, they seemed, and they felt as if they were happy! Here are the secrets to



bind a people to their land—to endear them to it: rather their honest pride in it, and make them feel themselves of importance, by shewing them that they are *thought* to be so. These are the soft ties which they will remember, should ever tyranny make her chains *felt* by them; these will make them feel their brotherhood, though every manifesto should fail. \* \* \*

The remainder is briefly described: the four chief orchestras struck up a lively air; all was activity, all rising, all animation. Everywhere, almost instantaneously, singing and dancing commenced, as if all Babel were let loose: such was "the universal hubbub." Each troop in turn waltzed and quadrilled and danced every figure with their fair partners—or rather, "dusky loves," I should have said—on the platform to which I have alluded; and this part of the scene did amuse me excessively. It is a new thing for an Englishman to see the very lowest orders of peasantry waltzing with a precision and a neatness which he does not always see in his own country even in the first circles; and then the mutual politeness, the bowing and the curtsying, and the rough peasantry so gently handing them back to their good old crones, "as withered and as wild in their attire," as Macbeth's own witches. I stood looking on, infinitely gratified and amused, when a signal was given that the great dinner was ready in the promenade. I have seen grand supper-rooms in England thrown open, but I have rarely attempted to see the supper-table—to eat being out of the question, so forward is the rush, and the squeeze of men and women to get in the first. I wish that such could have seen the announcement of dinner here: although eight hundred covers were laid for, I suppose, eight times the number of people, although the better part, perhaps all of them, had never dined half so well before, and, in all likelihood, never would again (remembering the length of time intervening), yet no vague curiosity, no eager gluttony were manifested; those who happened to be first quietly took their seats—being chiefly women, the men attending behind them—while those who were further removed stood by as gaily and as fully employed among their friends as if no dinner were going on before them. Such are the effects of uncorrupted civilisation, and of easily satisfied nature on men and women—here I saw them exemplified before me. I noted down the different divisions of the vine-dressers, as they promenaded round the enclosure. I will add them here, as they deeply interested me at the time, and were, indeed, the observed of every eye. The first long division was headed by twelve young shepherdesses, dressed in white and in the brightest blue; they were covered with flowers, and held garlands in their hands; in truth, they were as gay as "creatures of the element." They sang some couplets, and they sang well; their swains replied; they then joined in a ballet, and mounted on the platform, attended by their shepherds and their sheep. I could not help smiling at their exceedingly pastoral appearance. Florian would have gone mad; he would have had as much of shepherd-dresses and of *montons* as he desired. Then came, trooping up, the gardeners and gardenesses (I must coin a word for *jardinieres*), each with their tools of trade, and certainly proving that two of a trade *can* agree; they, too, danced, and gave a song. Then came the very shadow of ancient time—the troop of Pales!—an altar-place was raised in their centre. The altar was lowered, and they placed on it the baskets; then the priestess threw round the incense, and chanted a song which I took care to obtain:

O Pales! ton aimable empire  
Repard le pair dans nos hameaux.  
Un de tes regards, ton sourire  
Béni nos prés et nos troupeaux.  
Tu fertilises nos campagnes,  
C'est par toi qu'il y a nait le bonheur;  
Et jusqu'au sommet des montagnes  
Tu scias les vœux de notre cœur.

Could any Grecian priestess or Roman censor-bearer have given a more orthodox hymn? I honoured the good priestess, and, veritably, I blessed her, when, waving her hand, a troop of fauns and satyrs (excellently embodied) danced and chanted or rather howled round her. The cow feeders came next; then the vine-dressers of the spring; and sixthly, the troop of the goddess Ceres; all well illustrated: the procession was the same; but, at her signal, a troop of reapers and haymakers bounded forth, and some brandished the flail in the dance with fearful precision—I say fearful, for a false stroke would have

laid the thickest head open, yes, down to the very chine! I thought of their olden valour and iron nerves, before which the fiery Charles and his Burgundian chivalry were driven like chaff before the wind; that valour which Francis, entrenched up to his ears, withstood only in his camp at Marignan, but dared not pursue, while his marshal, grown grey in battles, declared that all he had hitherto seen in the field was children's sport to what he had witnessed on that day—"that he had seen a battle of the giants." Seventhly, came, what I had been expecting, the troop of Bacchus, and this was the most detailed and classic of all. Bands of music led on three priests conducting a goat, as for sacrifice, his horns richly gilded; then came the altar, the grand Hierophant, and then Bacchus, the jolly god himself, mounted on a wine-cask, supported (as the conqueror of India) by four Ethiopians shading him from the sun with a sort of palanquin. Fauns were around him, covered with tigers' skins, and bearing thyrses; twelve Bacchantes, with tambours and with clashing cymbals, followed; and old Silenus, mounted on his ass, brought up the rear. Halting before the chief scaffolding, Bacchus is borne in front, the altar is placed beneath him, and appropriate offerings made. The chief of the fauns gave a signal for the dance, and then the priest having offered incense, gravely recited his invocation, one stanza of which I obtained:

Dieu des raisins, protecteur de nos vignes!  
Dans ce beau jour écoute nos accens;  
Ecoute, ô Bacchus! tes enfans,  
Qui chantent tes faveurs insignées.

And truly, when I saw them so correctly personified, and when I heard the admiring shouts around, not omitting the Bacchantes, who by no means spared *their* lungs nor *our* ears, I imagined myself on Mount Hæmus. I thought of Dryden's racy lines, the stamp of the great poet in every syllable:

Flushed with a purple grace  
He shews his honest face.  
Now give the hauty boys breath—he comes! he comes!

The eighth division was formed of the autumn vine-dressers. They bore among them the ark of Noah and the arch of the rainbow. Last, but not least, in more quiet interest, came, as the crowning of the husbandman's toils, the Village Nuptials—the troop representing Winter. First, came the good old baron, and his stiff and starch baroness; then the notary, with the contract; after them, old men and their wives, relatives, I suppose, with a good *kitchen* after them (a hint for the necessity of this, which is not generally thought of in the first romance of the idea); and then the bride and bridegroom, he, all confidence, and she, neither fainting nor frightened. Her *trousseau* follows her safely; the old baron harangues the young couple, and the notary leads the starch baroness to a waltz, while the baron favours the bride with his hand; after which, an old man gives them his blessing, and then succeeds the general dinner. I have faithfully described an event which occurs, perhaps, not more than twice in a life, allowing for its instabilities, but which is also, in itself, one of the most beautiful moral spectacles which this world can offer: the children of the mountains thankfully rejoicing in the fruits of their own sinless amusements! Their walls were the rocks, their roof was the sky, the "dramatis personæ" were men filling the occupation for which man was created, and offering their deeds, not words, to the applause and imitation of their admiring countrymen.

Now the above is one of Mr. READE's most sober and most vivid passages. Hear him now describing

#### TITIAN'S GRACES.

Titian was certainly designed to live in some star (no doubt there are many such) where women are the divinities; where, in short, they are *bonâ fide* idolized: he could scarcely have represented them in more glowing hues than he has done: he would have desired nothing better than such an existence: a mote revelling in the eternal sunshine of the beautiful. Such fancies are renewed when we stand before his triad Graces, characterized by glowing loveliness, fluorescent beauty—everything excepting the ideal, of which they are too lifelike to possess one particle. They are Graces—but material Graces: "the pure and eloquent blood" is in their cheeks. It is impossible to look at them (I vouch for myself only) without smiling, and catching a portion of their latent expression. The grand artist, I will venture to assert, during his long life



of ninety years, never once thought of woman as an ideal. His "Graces" stand out of the canvases like three beautiful young girls pretending to be serious and sage. We see through the veil of a bewitching reserve carelessly thrown over their eyes and features. The underrippings of joy, the quicksilver of buoyant youth and animation in the black eyes that sparkle on us, and which seem dancing in light, in the corners of their liquid eyeballs; the commencing dimples of suppressed laughter, archly lurking round their rich lips, prove, to use Puck's phrase in the Midsummer Night's Dream, that they are "human mortals," not goddesses. We feel that they are like young kittens, only dying to be freed from restraint, to give way to an immediate relaxation in a game at romps with each other.

There is liveliness in the sketching, and truth in the description of

## SWISS VENALITY.

Between Lausanne and Berne all is rapid; we wish, like Imogen, a horse of wings, to fly at once to "the proud and patriot field" of Morat, and truly the Swiss have reason to be proud of it. They still shew the bullets of the engines of Charles the Bold, preserved carefully in one of the towers of the town. The conquerors threw the bodies of the slain in the ditches of the place; but in the year 1480 they gathered the bones which the lime had not consumed, and piled them up in a small chapel close to the field where they fell. For a long period these bones were an object of reverence; every day some hand or other slid between the wooden bars which confined them, and furtively stole from them. Sometimes they dissolved them in water and made soup of them for the sick!—this is recorded as a positive fact. Sometimes they hung them over their stomachs, instead of putting them into them, as amulets. But the chapel at last, fell to ruin; and when, in 1755, the Canton of Berne rebuilt it they demanded from the great Haller an appropriate epitaph. I copied it for its admirable simplicity:—

Deo. Opt. Max.  
Caroli incliti et Fortissimi  
Burgundie Ducis Exercitus  
Munus obidens, ab Helvetiis  
Caesus hoc sui monumentum  
Reliquit An. MCCCCLXXVI.

And this, too, has ceased to be; for when the Burgundians entered the Cantons under Brane, conceiving the trophy to be an insult on their country, they burnt the chapel and threw the bones into the lake. The Swiss postilions even to this day often find reliques thrown on the shore after stormy weather, and sell them as handles for knives. How thoroughly do I detest and despise the Swiss character! I do firmly believe that a Swiss would sell his own soul (if he has one), as he has ever done his services, if any one would bid for it high enough. Here they barter with you by the hour for a human bone, they being now past making broth with. At Grutli, they sell you the water of the fountain; if they shew you one step on your way, if they give you but a glass of water, you read in their sallow faces and covetous eyes, "*Point de argent, point de Suisse*." Even so they hired themselves out during the middle ages to the best foreign bidder, and willingly fought against each other; and so the chivalrous Burgundian, Charles, despised them. Brave they have ever been; their mountain air, by hardening their bodies, makes them so; moral, also, they are, for they are too poor to have leisure to be vicious, and have too much natural apathy to feel the blandishments of vice; honest, or even charitable they are not, for these virtues spring from a warmth and generosity of heart to which even the iron-nerved Swiss is a stranger.

And again in the picture of

## RIMINI.

The country round Rimini is rich and picturesque; the pine, oak, and elm abound; the dells and copses often remind us of England, but in her more undressed scenery. Portions of the land are marshy, and the air, though reported unhealthy, I do not find so. The rambles along the solitary shore were delicious; a shore which, flat and sandy, might be almost termed sublime, from its utter desolation and solitude, rarely intruded on, save by fishermen as wild-looking as the scene. The open roguery of the Riminian urchins amused me. When

fish was landed and heaped upon wheelbarrows, two or three of these young thieves kept fast by each of them. Their dark eyes were steadfastly fixed on the "ancient mariners," while their hands in the cleverest way imaginable, abstracted the smaller fry into their pockets, until they were crammed; and all this was done while looking at the old Tritons, whom they were pilfering, in the most innocent manner. I had no doubt it was their trade, in which they were such adepts that their legerdemain touches could not be suspected, nor indeed observed, unless narrowly watched. I felt inclined to interfere, until I remembered the perhaps half-starved parents who were waiting for their daily breakfast. I observed that one of the light-fingered tribe looked awkwardly, and with an embarrassed air at me: I saw that he was disconcerted by an unfortunate fish, which, still semi-animate, was making desperate struggles to escape from his pocket.

At Florence Mr. READE picks up some legends, two of which he has translated. Here is one of them, entitled

## THE ABBEY OF THE BLESSED MONKS.

This abbey was founded, not by the Count Ugo Marchalchi Brandenburgh, as Villani has stated, but by his mother, the Countess Willa, who maintained and enriched it. The monks, in gratitude for so many benefits, celebrated, on the day of St. Thomas, the anniversary of Count Ugo's death, and renewed their praises and thanksgivings with a Tuscan oratorio. Dante has alluded to this ancient custom in his sixteenth canto of Paradiso. Villani, in his notices of the abbey, gives a remarkable instance of that superstition to which the noblest minds were subjected during the dark ages: "It pleased God, in a chase which took place in the country round Buon-solazzo, that Count Ugo, who was of the party, should lose his way. Separated from his friends, and the night falling, he wandered about in hope of again emerging in the light of day. He suddenly found himself close to a fabric for forging iron, of whose existence he was ignorant, though in his immediate neighbourhood. The fires blazed redly up to the roof, throwing a wild light upon the woods; within the foundry a multitude of black and misshapen men rushed about with shrieks, tormenting themselves with fire and hammers. The count, though daunted with their horrible appearance, gathered courage to demand who they were, and what they were doing. They told him that they were souls damned to eternal torture, and that if he did not turn from his evil ways and repent, his soul should be condemned to the same perpetual place of agony. Count Ugo, with fear and trembling, crossed himself, and recommended his soul to the Virgin Mary; the vision of fires disappeared, but he returned to Florence an altered man. He sold his patrimonies in Germany and Pisa, and built seven abbeys with the produce; the first on the spot where the vision appeared, the last in Florence. He richly endowed them all, and, from that time forth, lived a sanctified and holy life with his wife. He died on the day of St. Thomas, in the city of Florence, A.D. 1006."

These bricks are not the average, but the best specimens of the building. The reader will readily form his own judgment of its worth.

Notes and Remarks made in Jersey, France, Italy, and the Mediterranean, in 1843 and 1844. By J. BURN MURDOCH, Esq. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Co.

IN 1843, Mr. MURDOCH took his family to Jersey, and having sojourned there for some six months or so, early in the spring of 1844 he proceeded to Paris. Having seen the sights of that city, the party went to Orleans, and by the Loire to Moulins. Thus reaching Marseilles, they embarked in a steamer for Naples, in whose neighbourhood they took up their abode, and thence passed to Malta, from which they returned to England. Mr. MURDOCH, who is evidently a man of extensive information and keen observation, appears to have made notes of whatever he witnessed that was most striking, and the best of these notes he has been induced to publish. To some they would not seem so novel as they seemed to him, but their unaffected style recommends them to the regards of the reader. Mr. MURDOCH writes like a man

of business, and touches on topics often neglected by tourists. We can afford but two extracts. The first is an account of the

#### SEA SPORTS OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

There are certain aquatic amusements practised by the Neapolitans in the Bay, which are peculiar to that locality. As I do not remember to have seen such exhibitions anywhere described, I may shortly allude to them. One of them is a tournament, in which the rival forces consist of twelve boats on each side, respectively painted red and blue: they are very small, probably about ten feet long, and are each manned by two men. One pulls the boat; the other, the champion, stands upon a platform raised flush with the sides of the boat at its stern; these are armed with very long wooden lances, on the end of which is a leathern ball. At a given signal a boat from each of the opposing ranks pulls out: and, meeting midway, the two warriors level their lances; and, coming in direct collision, one, and sometimes both, are precipitated into the sea; the boats immediately pull back again into position, leaving the discomfited knight to pick up his lance and follow at his leisure. In this way the fight continues till one side (or colour of boat) has every man immersed. Victory, then, as to the colour is decided. It sometimes happens, however, that two of one colour are left; and these again contend for the individual prize. These being the most dexterous, often sustain each other's shocks six or seven times; till at length one is precipitated into the sea, and so ends the fight.

Another species of amusement consists in placing a purse of money at the outer end of the bowsprit of a ship; the said bowsprit being well greased, and considerably inclined upwards. The purse becomes the property of the first man who can take it. The individuals who make the attempt run up the bowsprit in all variety of ways. Some of them set out as fast as they can; others warily and slowly; but, as long as I looked on, none succeeded in reaching the purse; they invariably fell into the sea, and, swimming to the ship, ascended its side, and were again ready for another attempt. The bowsprit is, of course, disencumbered of all its cordage for the occasion. The only risk which an individual runs in practising this amusement is in not being able to get away from under the bowsprit before his next follower tumbles above him; in which case, as the height is considerable, the parties coming in contact are sometimes much hurt; and the keenness is so great that there are often two individuals on the beam at the same time. There is no fear of drowning. All round the Bay of Naples the natives in their youth live more in the water than on the land: indeed, they spend the whole day lying naked on the shore and sporting in the sea—they are perfectly amphibious; and the only way to drown a Neapolitan would be to tie a twenty-pound shot to his neck.

The other is a scene of diabolical cruelty witnessed at a veterinary college in Paris.

I wish I could now bring my narration of what I that day there saw to a close; but I must not. Upon entering into what appeared to be a place of dissection, I found myself surrounded, not by dead, but by living subjects; it was a building opened open to the air on one side, furnished with many strong pillars rising from the floor to the roof. Here lay six stiff not seven living horses, fixed by every possible mechanical device by the head and the feet to these pillars, to prevent their struggling; and upon each horse were six or seven men engaged in performing the different surgical operations. The sight was truly horrible. The operations had begun early in the forenoon; it was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when we entered the place; so the poor wretches, as may be supposed, had ceased being able to make any very violent struggles; but the deep heaving of the still panting chest, and horrid look of the eyes when such were as yet remaining in the head, while the head itself was firmly lashed to a pillar, was harrowing beyond endurance. The students had begun their day's work in the least vital parts of the animal; the trunks of the animals were there, having lost tails, ears, hoofs, &c., and they were now engaged in performing the more important operations, such as tying the main arteries, and boring holes in the head, and cutting in upon all the most sensitive and tender places, on purpose, as we were informed, upon our expressing horror at the sight, that they might see the retraction

and motions of the several nerves and muscles. One animal had one side of the head, including eye and ear, completely dissected; and the students were engaged when we entered, in laying open and cauterizing the ankle of the same animal. What I have described was the result of the observation of a few seconds. I grew absolutely sick, and hastened away from this abode of horrid cruelty. M. Blanc vindicated the practice, upon the plea of its necessity for the advancement of science. A young medical friend, who accompanied me in my visit, exclaimed in reply, "Je suis médecin moi-même; and no such practice is necessary." M. B. shrugged his shoulders. He was not, he said, a veterinarian; he had no right of interference with the prescribed course of study; he was merely the military governor of the establishment.

#### SCIENCE.

*Clinical Illustrations of the Diseases of India, as exhibited in the Medical History of a body of European Soldiers for a series of years from their arrival in that Country.* By WILLIAM GEDDES, M.D. &c. late Surgeon of the Madras European Regiment. London, 1846. Smith, Elder and Co.

In the middle of the year 1829 Dr. GEDDES joined the Madras European Regiment as medical officer. He occupied the post until May 1833. During this period he had constantly under his care more than 500 men. The Company requiring very accurate medical returns, Dr. GEDDES was induced to extend his researches beyond the limits of his commands, and to collect the statistics of disease in his regiment from the copious records preserved, and from the previous history of each individual, which is carefully preserved in this excellently managed service. That he may throw all possible light upon the facts he has gathered, Dr. GEDDES has combined the details of disease with careful notes of the places where, and the seasons when, each recorded fact occurred, so that the influence of locality and weather upon health receives much curious and valuable illustration. The entire work is, indeed, one of the most elaborate and painstaking contributions to medical statistics ever given to science by a practising physician.

In the first division of the work he describes the composition of the regiment; the country of which each individual was a native, his age, length of service, and so forth, together with the annals of the weather, and the general condition of health in the regiment, as evidenced by the annual returns.

In the second division he treats of the various diseases, presenting successively the statistics of fevers, affections of the head, inflammations of the chest, air passages, liver, stomach, and rheumatism. Particular cases of each are then described, the treatment pursued, and its results; and where it took place, the autopsy. So huge a mass of facts will be found of extreme value to the statistician, who will deduce from it results that may be practically applied in medicine. Dr. GEDDES does not attempt this. He is content to throw his facts upon the floor, leaving others to arrange them and exhibit their bearing upon science. He does not often indulge in commentary, and therefore our extracts must be very brief, and much disproportioned to the real worth of the volume.

In India, drain drinking is, as everywhere else, the curse of the soldier. In this Dr. GEDDES corroborates Dr. FERGUSON, whose opinion we have already presented to our readers.

The subject of drink forms an important one for consideration in the life of an Indian soldier. A system has been in force in that country (the Madras Presidency and the year 1833 are here particularly alluded to), based, apparently, upon an idea of the necessity of the use of ardent spirits by the European troops whereby a certain portion is allotted daily to each recruit from the period of his arrival in India, the price of which is deducted from his pay. Many circumstances lead to the recruits becoming thus accustomed to such

a stimulus; and there are few individuals, accordingly, who omit during the remainder of their service to swallow their daily allowance of arrack: a spirituous liquor, in strength, as supplied to the troops, little inferior to brandy; and of this two measures, of forty to the gallon, form the daily appropriation to each European soldier. \* \* \* The whole averages about 10,000 gallons of arrack in twelve months. In addition to this allowance, the canteen is kept open for the sale of liquors to the men; and it has been ascertained that the average annual expenditure of arrack and European spirits, wine or beer, as sold in that place, amounted to 1,440 gallons of arrack, 56 dozen of brandy or gin, 18 dozen of wine, and 60 dozen of beer, during the period referred to in the above table. The average number of individuals present with the regiment throughout this interval was about five hundred.

**Dr. GEDDES** throws out a hint which should lead at least to inquiry. He questions whether the *overland journey* may not tend to increase the mortality of Europeans in India, and there is some reason in the conjecture.

It will be for future observers to ascertain whether the quick passage to India by the overland route, now so generally adopted, has any influence in producing peculiar diseases on the arrival of Europeans in that climate; and it may then become worthy of consideration, whether the lengthened voyage by the Cape of Good Hope does not possess advantages, in respect to the gradually accustoming strangers to a residence in a warm country, which may render this always the most eligible route for such individuals to proceed to that part of the world.

That the Doctor can be extremely graphic when he departs from figures and ventures upon description, will be seen by the picture of

**DELIRIUM.** The mental disorder is chiefly remarkable in the disposition of the patient to consider himself quite well. He is accordingly found sitting up, or walking about, or disposed to leave the hospital; while the tenor of his speech indicates a similar delusion. In the remission, or at the commencement of delirium, the patient is most generally sensible when spoken to; requiring, however, at times, a short period to comprehend what has been said to him; and he lapses into delirium, or a half-dozing state, when the call upon his attention has ceased to operate. As the disease proceeds, it is of a protracted nature, each exacerbation of fever adds to the intensity of the mental disorder and the debility of the patient; and, from the increasing weakness, the delirium becomes of a less active nature: the patient is more quiet, and towards the termination of the case, is either found quite insensible, or muttering deliriously, with his eyes more or less shut, and sometimes passing his evocations in his bed-clothes. In other cases, where the disease is more rapid and the strength of the patient less exhausted, he is occasionally found sitting up and looking about him, with a delirious stare, or walking through the hospital ward, within a few hours of his death.

**A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin: with Rules for the Medical and Domestic Treatment of Cutaneous Diseases.** By ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S. Consulting Surgeon to the St. Pancras Infirmary, and Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology in the Middlesex Hospital. Illustrated with six steel Engravings, by Bagg. 1846. Churchill.

THERE is an old proverb, that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Undoubtedly it influences the morals; but its importance to health is scarcely enough appreciated. It is only of late years that the public mind has been imbued with a due sense of the functions of the skin, and the serious part it plays in the animal economy. Dr. E. WILSON has done good service by the publication of this treatise, because he has made it not only scientific but popular; that is to say, he has written down the knowledge of the learned in the language of the un-

learned. Hence may this volume be read with pleasure and profit by everybody. He describes the physiology of the skin; its constituents, its mechanism, its functions, its diseases, how it may be kept in a healthy condition, and how restored to health when diseased. For its general treatment he has a simple recipe—unsparing use of soap and water: the former removes the oily particles and permits the latter to enter and cleanse the pores. Thus earnestly does he urge this topic.

When examined chemically, the scarf skin is found to be composed of a substance analogous to dried white of egg—in a word, albumen. Now, albumen is soluble in the alkalies, and these are the agents which are commonly employed for purifying the skin. Soap, whatever its specific name, is a compound of the alkali soda with oil, the former being in excess. When used for washing, the excess of alkali combines with the oily fluid with which the skin is naturally bedewed, removes it in the form of an emulsion, and with it a portion of the dirt. Another portion of the alkali softens and dissolves the superficial stratum of the scarf-skin, and when this is rubbed off the rest of the dirt disappears. So that every washing of the skin with soap removes the old face of the scarf-skin and leaves a new one; and were the process repeated to excess, the latter would become so much attenuated as to render the body sensible to a touch too slight to be felt through its ordinary thickness. On the other hand, where the scarf-skin and the dirt are rarely disturbed by soap, the sensibilities of the skin are necessarily benumbed. The proper inference to be drawn from the preceding remarks is in favour of soap as a detergent for the skin. On the faces of some women soap acts as an irritant, and patches of red are left after its use. These are exceptional cases, and are generally attributed to an unusually delicate and susceptible skin; but the truth is, that the skin is less in fault than the habits or health of the individual. The former are faulty, where soap is not regularly employed, or where the water used in washing is too warm, and exposes the skin, as in the winter season, to a violent alternation of temperature; the latter supports a charge of too little exercise in the air, late nights, and over-indulgence. Other means than soap for the purification of the skin are highly objectionable, such as the various wash-powders; they are sluttish expedients, half doing their work, and leaving all the corners unswept. Another and a weightier objection obtains against them: from having no power to remove the superficial laminæ of the scarf-skin, these become stained, and then the skin has the appearance of being mottled, with irregular brown or olive-coloured spots. The remedy for these spots is lemon-juice, an agent of great utility in removing stains from the skin after the dirt has been completely washed away with soap. Neither can wash-powders follow the innumerable apertures of the skin, nor enter the mouths of the pores otherwise than to obstruct them. A skin cleaned in this manner may always be detected by a certain kind of shining, not to say greasy polish; and the whole complexion looks mellowed into a kind of tone, as we say of pictures, in which dirt and time have softened and chastened the tints. But surely no one would care to put up for the reputation of resembling an old picture, however rich its tints or admirable the art developed in its painting. Soap is accused of being irritative to the skin; but this is an obvious injustice done to soap, for soap never irritates the delicate skin of infants. Depend upon it, that when soap does cause irritation, the error is in the condition of the complainant, and betokens either an improper neglect of its use, or a state of susceptibility of the skin verging on disease of that membrane. If we would have health, we must use soap. If soap act as an irritant, we must train to its use by beginning with a small quantity and increasing it gradually. I may be asked, What is the best soap? I reply, Good white curd soap, without scent, or scented only by its contiguity to odorant substances. The use of soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent it from falling into wrinkles; and if any unpleasant sensations are felt after its use, they may be immediately removed by rinsing the surface with water slightly acidulated with lemon-juice.

Nor will the necessity for such precautions surprise, when it is understood what is the



## STRUCTURE OF THE SKIN.

Taken separately, the little perspiratory tube, with its appended gland, is calculated to awaken in the mind very little idea of the importance of the system to which it belongs; but when the vast numbers of similar organs composing this system are considered, we are led to form some notion, however imperfect, of their probable influence on the health and comfort of the individual. I use the words "imperfect notion" advisedly, for the reality surpasses imagination and almost belief. To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3,528 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube about a quarter of an inch long, it follows that in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73½ feet. Surely such an amount of drainage as seventy-three feet in every square inch of skin, assuming this to be the average for the whole body, is something wonderful; and the thought naturally intrudes itself, What if this drainage were obstructed? Could we need a stronger argument for enforcing the necessity of attention to the skin? On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeded that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2,268, and the length of tube 567 inches, or 47 feet. To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2,800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 700, consequently, of the number of inches in length. Now, the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk is 2,500; the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000, and the number of inches of perspiratory tube 1,750,000, that is, 145,833 feet, or 48,600 yards, or nearly twenty-eight miles.

Dr. WILSON's treatise may be commended as one of the best modern contributions to the Physiology of Health.

*Two Systems of Astronomy. First, The Newtonian System, &c.; second, The System in Accordance with the Holy Scriptures, &c.* By ISAAC FROST. London, 1846. Simpkin and Co.

A VAST deal of ingenuity has been wasted upon this handsome volume. Mr. Frost has taken up the notion that the Newtonian System is inconsistent with revelation, and he has devoted many years of his life to an attempt to prove that NEWTON was wrong, and that he has discovered the true system, which squares entirely with the cosmogony of the Bible. Now we cannot conceive any thing more mischievous than such a well-intentioned work as this. Right or wrong, the system of NEWTON has been universally accepted, and, practically, its truth is proved by the fact that all the calculations based upon it are found to be strictly correct. Now, Mr. Frost, by starting with the assertion that the Newtonian System is opposed to the cosmogony of the Scriptures, and thus placing revelation and science in direct opposition, cannot but lead many who are satisfied of the truth of the latter to doubt the truth of the former. The duty of the friends of religion is to shew, as can easily be done, in what manner the utterances of the Scriptures can be reconciled with the discoveries of science. We need scarcely say, that in his endeavour to refute NEWTON, Mr. Frost has utterly failed, although he has lavished upon the work an amount of talent and labour which, more usefully directed, might have enabled him to perform essential services to mankind. We should observe, that the engravings illustrating his theory are very beautiful.

## FICTION.

*The Life of a Beauty: a Novel.* By the Author of "The Jilt," &c. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

THE authorship of this new novel will recommend it to notice. "The Jilt" was a successful first effort; its popularity was well deserved; and another fiction from the same pen will be opened with eager curiosity.

Nor will *The Life of a Beauty* disappoint the hopes fostered by the cleverness of "The Jilt." The author has not wasted the interval between the latter publication and the former one. He has sedulously striven to correct faults and cultivate excellencies; he has improved in experience of the world, and in the art of composition. His judgment is more sound, his taste more accurate, and hence is *The Life of a Beauty* in all respects superior to its predecessors. It is, indeed, very considerably above the average of the circulating library novels. The Beauty is thus described at the opening of the story. The passage will serve to illustrate our remarks:—

Angelina Luxmore was born and bred a beauty! Every one understands what it is to be born a beauty; although some weeks (nay, months) must elapse before even to the fondest eye and most sanguine heart the little wizen "wee thing," red-faced, bald-headed, flat-nosed, and old-looking, can give any great promise of the charms that are to enchant the world. Still, undiscerned and undiscernible, the germ is there. The most fatal and fascinating of gifts is enclosed in that little bud. It will expand into a matchless flower, if born a beauty; if not, it may to outward view be an unsightly weed; but whatever its outward form, to it belong a heart, a mind, a soul; and therefore, however nurses may triumph, parents rejoice, and friends congratulate, we pronounce it to be a fearful thing to be born a beauty, if, as is too generally the case, that circumstance leads to the being bred a beauty too! What is it, then, to be bred a beauty? Is it not to be set apart from the cradle as a priestess of vanity? To be taught betimes to dwell and ponder on those charms all female education should induce their possessor to forget? Are not the advantages of a face and form of surpassing loveliness frequently, by the folly of those around, ruined by those sad and repelling drawbacks, frivolity, egotism, and self-worship? Alas! alas! among the hosts of single women whom the coarse world so harshly terms "old maids," how many owe their joyless fate to that great but unsuspected enemy, their beauty! "She must have been a great beauty—what a wonder she never got a husband!" In that common remark cause and effect go hand in hand. She was a beauty—she knew it—how could she but know what she had heard from her cradle—what was repeated before she knew the meaning of the words—repeated, with many a hug and exulting caress, by the proud and silly mother, re-echoed by the sillier father, broadly asserted by the nurse-maid with every new bit of finery, insinuated into the little head with the first plume stuck into the white beaver hat, and conveyed to the little heart with the first gaudy sash and glittering necklace. Yes, that sad, subdued, and disappointed "old maid," with what the French so graphically call "de si beaux restes," with such fine features, such an air of command, and yet such a look of desolation, but for her once brilliant beauty, she might now be a fond and cherished wife, living her own youth over again in that of her children, glorying in her daughter's modest charms and her son's manly virtues and attainments. There is nothing so unlovely as selfishness, and nothing, generally speaking, so selfish as a woman bred a beauty. No homage suffices—no conquest contents her. She cannot love; and those who cannot love cannot long be loved: they may enthrall the senses for a time, but the heart they have so easily won they as easily lose.

The history of the fair creature, her trials, her troubles, her triumphs, must be sought in the pages that narrate, in the pleasant manner of which the above is a specimen, the adventures of her varied life. Nor is the work one to be forgotten as soon as read. It points a moral which, so illustrated, is likely to sink into the mind, and operate with the force of an example. We cannot quite agree

with the author that beauty is a bane. It subjects its possessor to more temptations, but, on the other hand, it is a source of many gratifications, and many substantial advantages. It is only when beauty is foolishly deemed to be a substitute for all other attractions that it is a curse to its possessor.

It will have been observed, that the author's style is remarkable for its smartness. It is one of those cheerful and lively books that never tire. Its faults are,—a little too much carelessness in the construction of the plot, which wants *vraisemblance*; a too great tendency to indulge in the didactic strain; and the want, which only age and experience can supply, of a somewhat wider knowledge of the world, and of man as he is modified by contact with the world. But these are faults which time will cure. They do not so detract from the merits of the novel before us as to forbid our recommending the reader to place it upon his list for early perusal, and the librarian to add it to his shelves.

*The Tudor Sisters; a Story of National Sacrilege.* In 3 vols. London, 1846. Newby.

An historical romance constructed in every particular after the established models—in language, in description, in dialogue. The author has some imagination, and considerable energy of expression; but he wants courage to break the leading-strings to which he has voluntarily submitted himself, and trust to his own natural vigour to sustain him in some path struck out by himself. If, as it is plain from what he has here done, he can copy so well, why should he not set up for himself, and write a romance that shall not be a servile shadow of a thousand other romances? He may, if he will; and although at first it may appear more difficult to soar without assistance, it will soon become an easy task, and he will wonder that ever he should have hugged the bonds which, in his freedom, will appear no more as supports, but as fetters.

The design of *The Tudor Sisters* is to anathematise the Reformers for the excess of zeal that led them to destroy the magnificent monuments of sacerdotal wealth and power with which the face of England was covered. True it is, that at this time, when we contemplate results in the calmness of after-thought, the ravages of the early Protestants seem to us like the very wantonness of ignorance or wickedness. But if we transfer ourselves in fancy to the time, and recal the provocations, we shall cease to wonder that newly emancipated zeal should have signalised its triumph by the destruction of the most prominent marks of the supremacy of the foe it had subdued. It is probable that in the same circumstances man would always act in precisely the same manner; and in all judgments passed upon historical events, it is essential that the circumstances be taken into consideration, and that we do not try the deeds of one century by the maxims of another.

*The Tudor Sisters* is, as a composition, quite equal to the average of historical romances—in some respects, it is superior. There is in it some really clever writing; the characters are sketched with rare distinctness and individuality; the dialogues are dramatic, and there is excitement enough in the story to carry forward the reader agreeably to the end.

With long and laborious effort to throw off the faults, and to cultivate the excellencies we have indicated, the author may fairly hope, some day, to take a high place among the novelists of England; but not otherwise.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The People's Journal*, for August, contains contributions from Dr. SMILES, Wm. HOWITT, Miss MARTINEAU, Mr. R. H. HORNE, &c. and some extremely

clever engravings. "The Carrier," by W. HUNT, is really a spirited work of art, and worth the cost of the entire number.

*Knight's Political Dictionary*, Part XIV. extends from the word "Supremacy" to "Transportation." It will be an invaluable addition to the library of reference.

*Bentley's Miscellany* for August has been sent to us for the first time. We have not chanced to see a number of this magazine for more than two years, and in the interval it appears to have sustained no falling off, spite of the change of editorship. The illustrated novel now in progress is from the pen of Mr. MAXWELL, and called "Brian O'Linn; or, Luck is everything." It is introduced to us here at its fifteenth chapter; so we are unable to offer any opinion of it. Mr. HENRY WATTS has a really clever poem, entitled "Visions of Nature." There is a lively sketch called "The Lioness;" then some pages from the note-book of a traveller; "Teatable Talk," by Mrs. MATHEWS; and some legends of Bristol, by Miss COSTELLO. Perhaps the most attractive paper in the number is a re-introduction of our old friend Mr. Titus Ledbury, by ALBERT SMITH, whose narrative of his adventures on revisiting Paris will be as popular as were his former ones. This also is illustrated by a humorous engraving. Besides these more prominent papers, there are numerous shorter ones of various merit, placing *Bentley's Miscellany* at the head of the English magazines. Why we cannot equal those of Scotland and Ireland is a question which it would take more time to discuss than we can well devote to it.

*The Pictorial Shakespeare*, Parts VIII. and IX. and *The Pictorial Balladist*, Parts X. and XI. are two of those remarkably cheap publications which we have already introduced to our readers. The typography is excellent, and the engravings are of a high class. The *Balladist* is a collection of all the best old ballads in our language, with a few translations from those of other countries. We would earnestly recommend to the editor to introduce many more of these latter, especially the fine lyrics of Germany.

#### EDUCATION.

*Outlines of Mental and Moral Science, intended as introductory to the Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics of the University Course, &c.* Dublin: M'Glashan.

AN excellent book for the student about to enter upon the study of the higher branches of science. The proper age for this is fifteen; labour is wasted in attempts to master them earlier, because, until that age, the reasoning faculties are not sufficiently expanded to enable the reader to follow the close arguments, and comprehend the abstract ideas which must be grappled with by him who would master the philosophy of mind and morals. As a specimen of the manner in which the writer has performed his difficult task, we take his general view of the subject-matter of his treatise, which will, moreover, not be without instruction for our readers:—

**Mental Science.**—The object of Mental Science is to investigate the nature, powers, operations, and laws of the mind of man.

**Moral Science.**—Moral Science has for its object the application of the knowledge of the human mind—to ascertain its relations to God and our fellow-men; as well as the grounds, laws, and limits of our moral obligations.

The nature, differences, and respective departments of Mental and Moral Science, may be thus illustrated. The mind, like the body to which it is united, may be regarded as a substance possessing certain qualities—as possessing various faculties, affections, and emotions, which constitute mental phenomena; and as there is the physiology of the body, which, by observation and experiment, traces the changes that take place in our material part, and classifies them under the various functions of respiration, circulation, nutrition, &c.; so there is the physiology of mind which marks its operations and

changes, and the laws that regulate their succession, and arranges them in classes, as perception, memory, judgment, &c. &c.; but there is this difference. When we have obtained the knowledge of the physiology of the body, its structure, its organs, the changes in their functions, our work is done. We know all that can be known of matter, when we know its appearances in all situations, and the manner in which it acts or is acted on; and we have only to apply this knowledge, to keep all its movements in their natural order, or to restore them when deranged. But when we have learned the physiology of mind, its faculties, emotions, passions—their connection, exercises, changes, and reciprocal influence, there is still the further inquiry—beyond that of whether they act, and how they act—namely, in what manner, in any given case, they ought to act? Every enjoyment that man can possess or confer on his fellow-man, and every evil that he can inflict or suffer, become the objects of a further science—the Ethics of Mind. Thus there is the intellectual analysis, which traces the mind through all its internal changes, operations, and emotions, as well as in the external manifestations of them, simply as mental phenomena: this is Mental Science. And there is the ethical analysis, which views all these in their relation to God, ourselves, and our fellow-men; not merely in regard to what is done and what is thought—discriminating some element of moral good or evil in all the physical good or evil we can execute or conceive—but what ought to be the state of mind, and thought and feeling, as well as the embodiment of these in actions. Thus, then, as in the physical sciences, the object throughout all their provinces is to answer the question, What is? as it regards matter; they consisting only of facts, arranged according to their likeness, and expressed by general names, given to every class of similar facts; so in Mental Science the object is to answer the same question, as it regards mind; and to describe its various states, operations, and emotions, as well as those laws of thought which alone render any other sort of knowledge possible. But Moral Science has for its object one still higher, that of answering the questions, What we ought, and what we ought not to think, to feel, and to do? It ascertains the rules which are to regulate voluntary actions, and the laws by which those dispositions of mind, which are the source of voluntary actions, are to be governed; and so it decides upon what ought to be, and what is not right—what is duty and its opposite,—in themselves, and in their bearings upon ourselves and our fellow-men; as well as the great, and benevolent, and glorious Author of our being.

*Mental and Moral Science.*—Mental Science investigates the facts regarding man as an intellectual and moral being; Moral Science deals with the relations arising out of these facts when ascertained; the former has for its object the *quid est* (what is)—the other, *quid oportet* (what is right). For the one, which regards the facts, there is experience, and induction of particulars, and deducing of conclusions; for the other, which regards the rightfulness and wrongfulness, there is the moral faculty, and the revelation of God which appeals to it.

*An Initiatory Grammar of the English Language, with numerous Exercises.* By JOHN MILLER. Edinburgh, 1846. Oliver and Boyd.

The peculiarity of this Grammar is, that it is adapted for the use of children, by the exclusion of all unintelligible words. The definitions are made clear to the minds of children, and every rule is followed by some exercise in parsing, which serve to imprint and illustrate the rule by the examples of its application.

*German University Education; or, The Professors and Students of Germany, &c.* By WALTER C. PERRY. 2nd edit. London: Longman and Co.

A BRIEF, but interesting account of the German universities, and the system of education pursued there. To this is added a description of the public schools of Prussia, with some observations on the influence of philosophy upon the studies of the German universities. The attainment of a second edition indicates that this work has been received as an authority by those who feel an interest in its subject.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

## Key on the Education of the Poor.

[THIRD NOTICE.]  
In Prussia education is still further advanced than in France. There, of 2,043,030 children, between the ages of seven and fourteen, no less than 2,021,421 attend the schools.

The department of education here also has a minister, whose sole duty it is. In Prussia, as in France, each commune has its school and committee of administration, of which the clergyman or priest is *ex officio* inspector, and a member of the committee. Great importance is attached by Mr. KAY to local inspection.

Thus Prussia, as well as France and Switzerland, recognizes the importance of a local inspection. By means of such inspection great benefits are secured to the country. The local committees understand the local wants generally much better than a government inspector, although the latter officer can never be dispensed with, and they can call the attention of the inspector to many of the peculiar wants of the locality, which he would otherwise overlook, and more important than all, they serve as a continual guard over, and encouragement and protection to, the schoolmasters of the locality.

## Again—

In Prussia, therefore, as in France and Switzerland, the system is one of centralization, aided by local efforts. And this, I imagine, is the true idea of a great educational system. The schoolmasters ought to be in direct communication with the central power, supported and encouraged in their efforts by their country itself, and should feel themselves recognised, honoured, and maintained by the nation to which they have devoted their lives and their energies. This is the only satisfactory position for a schoolmaster. To leave him, as we do in England, to depend for his livelihood on the caprice of an individual or individuals, is to render his situation one of the most humiliating and dependant kind, and to inflict a serious injury on a character we are deeply interested in exalting and developing.

Since the days of FREDERICK the Great, education has been compulsory in Prussia. But the school hours are so arranged as to leave the children several hours daily for their domestic duties. The regulations proceed thus:

Those parents who are very poor, shall be assisted in sending their children to school, and shall be furnished with all that is necessary for their instruction, and with the clothes of which they may stand in need. If the parents or masters shall neglect to send their children to school, the clergy shall admonish them; and if this does not produce the desired effect, the local committee shall summon them to appear before it, and shall reprimand them. The only excuses for absence that shall be available except the proof that the children's education is otherwise provided for, are certificates of illness delivered by the physician or the pastor, the absence of the parents or of the masters, which would have occasioned at the same time that of the children; or the want of decent clothes where none have been furnished. If the remonstrances are not sufficient, rigorous measures shall be adopted against the parents, guardians, or masters. The punishment to which they shall become liable shall be gradually increased in severity, but may not surpass in rigour the punishments awarded by the police tribunals.

Every town with more than 1,500 inhabitants is obliged to maintain also a superior primary school. Each village must support one primary school, but several villages may unite, on certain conditions—one of which is, that the villages are not separated from the school more than two miles and a half in plain country, and a mile and a half in a mountainous country. Religious differences are provided for in this manner:—

The difference of religion alone cannot be admitted as a sufficient obstacle to the formation of a rural school society; but in the formation of such a society, regard shall always be had



to the numerical proportions of the different sects." (Catholic and Protestant.) "Whenever it is possible, in addition to the principal master professing the religion of the majority of the society, there shall be joined a second master professing the religion of the minority." The Jews are not recognized in Prussia as in France, but they may send their children to the schools, although they cannot be members of the society which directs them. It is provided, moreover, by law, that in those cases where the law requires common schools for different sects, every care shall be taken that the religious education of the children of both Catholics and Protestants shall be most carefully provided for. If the society cannot be formed owing to religious differences, the superior authorities are authorized by law to interfere, and to provide for the education of the commune.

Some of the regulations are excellent, as this, that every village school shall have a garden, which shall be devoted to the kind of cultivation peculiar to the commune, and that to every school-house a playground shall be attached.

Smaller religious sects may, if they please, separate and form a school of their own on proof that due provision is made for its support. Each rural commune is required to give the schoolmaster a garden-plot, and land enough to keep a cow. The parents are expected to contribute something.

The parents of those children who attend the schools, except when too poor, pay to the master a small contribution (schulgeld) for the children who attend. This serves as encouragement to the master to persevere in his exertions, especially where there are several schools in a commune, as he who conducts his school in the most efficient manner, increases the numbers of his school and the annual amount of his schulgeld. The amount of schulgeld which each child is required to pay is fixed by the local school committee.

Religious instruction is regulated thus:

1st. That whenever it is possible, there shall be in a school intended for several Christian sects, masters of the different sects, who shall direct the religious education of the children of their respective sects; but that when the locality in which a school for more than one Christian sect is opened, is too poor to support more than one master, the parents who differ from the schoolmaster in religious belief shall be obliged to provide for the religious education of their children out of the school, or shall permit them to attend the religious lessons given by the schoolmasters. 2ndly. That the labours of the day shall always be commenced and ended by a short prayer and a few religious observations, and the master is warned not to let this degenerate into a mere matter of routine. The masters are charged also to conduct their scholars to the religious services in the churches on the Sundays and feast days, and to mingle religious chants, with the school exercises.

The course of education comprises

Religious instruction; the German language; the elements of geometry, and instruction in drawing; mental and practical arithmetic; the elements of the physical sciences, of geography, of history, and particularly of the history of Prussia; singing; writing and gymnastic exercises; manual labour, and instruction in the agriculture peculiar to the locality.

Where it is possible, separate schools are required for the girls. The masters choose their own books and their own methods of instruction. Complaints by parents are addressed to the superior authorities. There are annual public examinations.

Normal schools are everywhere established.

The local authorities are constituted in this manner:—

1. The patron of the church of the district, if the church has contributed to the support of the school. 2. The clergyman or priest of the parish in which the school is situated. 3. Magistrates of the commune. 4. Two or three heads of families, who are also members of the school society, of which I have spoken above. If the school is intended for several religious sects, each sect is represented in this committee ac-

cording to the number of its members in the commune. The clergy or priests, and the magistrates of the commune, are always *ex officio* members, the others are elected every four years. These rural school committees have the surveillance and direction of their respective schools, and the parochial clergy or priests are *ex officio* inspectors of the schools in their respective parishes. The committees are required to meet once a quarter to discuss the school affairs, to debate on whatever may seem advisable to promote the education of the locality, and to report when necessary to the superior authorities. All who have to complain of the master or school, refer their complaints to them; and in like manner the master appeals to them if he finds his efforts thwarted by any of the inhabitants of the locality. The school committees of the towns are formed on the same plan, and have the same duties to perform.

The results of the system are as follow:—

The population of Prussia was about 13,000,000, in 1831, and the number of children under 14 years of age was 4,487,461, and of these the number between 7 and 14 years of age was 1,923,200. For the education of these children Prussia possessed, in 1831, 27,749 primary schools, which were conducted by highly educated masters and mistresses, trained for their profession, and whose maintenance was assured to them by the state. For the education of these masters and mistresses, 33 large and complete Normal schools had been established.

We shall have occasion to return to this volume, perhaps more than once.

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*History of New Netherland; or New York under the Dutch.* By J. B. H. VAN DER LINDEN. (CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 199.)

SCARCELY a single event in history is calculated at this day to call forth more surprise from rational men, than the pretensions put forth by the leading nations of Europe to the ownership of the lands discovered after the voyage of Columbus. In making these, the Pope of Rome, as viceroy of the Deity, led the way, and Spain, France, Portugal, England, Holland, eagerly followed, without appearing to entertain a shadow of doubt of the propriety of their course. Yet, if we analyze the right supposed to be acquired by discovery, it is, to our limited comprehension, difficult to place it on any satisfactory basis. Independently of the total disregard of the claims of those human beings actually found upon the soil, it seems but a poor dog-in-the-manger doctrine, as respects the industrious and active among the other nations of mankind. That a single glance cast upon any one of the beautiful scenes of the creation should of itself constitute a shadow of a claim to exclude for an indefinite period the rest of the human race from the use of an indefinite extent of territory behind it is not consistent with justice or reason. The original claim of property in the earth rests upon the grant of it by the Creator, who adapted the cultivation of it to meet the wants of mankind. But this necessarily implies use. It is predicated upon the condition of labour and occupation. Without it, there would scarcely seem to be any good reason why lands should not remain for ever in common. When, therefore, the sovereigns of Europe assumed to parcel out among themselves a great part of the habitable globe, out of all proportion to their wants or even their means of occupation, solely because the people of the old world then first attained a knowledge of the existence of the new, they created for themselves a law of nations having no force excepting in their consent to wink at the rapacity of one another. The first consequence of the doctrine was to spread misery and desolation and death over the farthest portion of the new continent; the next, to sow the seeds of controversy thick and fast, which might germinate in later ages to the mutual destruction of myriads of industrious and innocent people.

Assuming, then, the just view to be that the rights of nations depend more upon their intent of beneficial occupation of new territory than upon the individual who sees it first, we can be at no loss to decide the conflicting questions of title which spring up in the history of New Netherland. As against Great Britain, the right of the Dutch was made good, not by the mere accident, that Hudson first of Europeans saw and examined the country when he was on his way to look after something else, nor yet by the attempt of a few traders to secure a monopoly of such articles of value as the wilderness could be made to supply; but by the actual purchase and taking possession of the soil by industrious men, intending to cultivate and improve it for their own benefit and that of the world at large. This point once settled, there yet remains another question behind it, which has been a good deal agitated, and which it is not so easy to decide. Where colonization is made in a country admitted to be open, there must be some limits to the region claimed for settlement. How are these limits to be defined, as between two communities not very far distant from each other? For instance, in the present case of the Dutch, how far east and west, and south and north, is their title to be considered valid? Here Mr. O'Callaghan falls back upon the old pretension of first discovery, and maintains for them, on that score, an exclusive right to the whole country between Cape Cod and Delaware Bay. He is therefore disposed to find a great deal of fault with the English Puritans for endeavouring to crowd upon the banks of the Connecticut river, whilst the Dutch had actually bought and occupied a trading-post at its mouth.

We are not yet disposed entirely to agree to this. That the Dutch had at first no intention to colonize on that river is clear, because some of them volunteered a suggestion, on their first visit to the Plymouth colony people, that they would do well to transfer themselves there,—a proposal which the latter considered, and “let pass.” They never, at any time, went farther than to purchase a small tract of land and establish their trading-post. The question, then, is, whether this act of a few days’ priority to a similar act of the English is to be regarded as rightfully sealing up against improvement for an indefinite period the whole of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. We cannot ourselves so consider it. New colonists were pouring, wave upon wave, into the country from Great Britain, in search of fresh and favourable spots to improve in the Western wilderness. Were they to be shut out from access to the region west of Cape Cod, because precisely half a dozen Dutchmen held an insignificant and temporary station in the midst of it? There was no attempt made by them at colonization, for they could barely maintain that which they had already made at Manhattan. There was no probability of such an attempt, so long as the fine valley of the Hudson lay open to exhaust their enterprise.

Under such circumstances, we can scarcely regard the encroachments of the English in this quarter in quite so heinous a light as our author does. Nor yet can we go so far as to applaud the tone of the English, when they in their turn pronounce the Dutch to be the intruders. This they certainly were not. They had rights on the soil, which should have been respected,—and which on the whole were tolerably well respected, when we consider the character of a new country, and the natural tendency to angry collision among people thrown together with uncongenial habits, and speaking different languages. They ultimately receded only before the pressure of settlements which destroyed the objects of their station, the collection of beaver-skins. Where, then, is the hardship? Does it consist in the fact, that the Dutch have been called hard names by persons who felt jealous and afraid of them? They share this trouble with many of the best of men. Or is it that they

lost a fine territory which they might have kept? Surely, if fault there be anywhere, it lies with themselves, who, so far from making a new empire on the Connecticut, had not vigour enough to retain even that which they had founded on the Hudson. To sum up the whole matter, it appears that this tract of country was lying open to enterprise, nearly equidistant from the colonies planted by two different nations of Europe at about the same time, the boundaries of which had never been settled or acknowledged between them. It cannot be surprising, that, under such circumstances, it should be most rapidly settled from that quarter in which the numbers increased the fastest. The English, in a few years’ time, were able to count a thousand of their people for every hundred of the Dutch that could be found within the limits of New Netherland.

We are well aware that the view we take is the New England side of this question, and meets with no favour from our author. Indeed, he is not sparing of his censure of the old Puritans, charging them with unfaithfulness to their professions of religion, ingratitude to their benefactors, and crying injustice in this part of their conduct. Their reasoning, “if admitted, would,” he thinks, “at once afford to every person, who may incline to covet his neighbour’s goods, a satisfactory plea to appropriate them to his own use.” To this we beg leave to object, that a most important element of distinction is entirely overlooked. Let the goods be once clearly proved to be his neighbour’s, and we think that they, and we know that we, would not have had a word to say to justify the appropriation of them by any one else. Let the right of property to the lands on Connecticut river be clearly proved to have been in the Dutch, and so admitted by the English, and we will consent to call the Puritans downright robbers and land-plunderers for going there and taking possession of them. In the mean time, however, it may be as well to plead in their behalf, that they refused to acknowledge the title of their neighbours to colonize anywhere along the coast, even at Manhattan, and they maintained their ground by the very same argument which the Dutch applied to them in the case of Connecticut; that is, by the claim of prior discovery on the part of Great Britain. No sooner were they made aware of the Dutch intention to set up a trading-post at the mouth of the river, than they took immediate measures, by doing the same thing, to keep the title in abeyance by means of this joint occupation. So far, therefore, was the Dutch right from being clear and unquestionable, that it was not simply disputed, but absolutely denied. Nor is it material to the present question, that the Puritan position should have been in every particular correct. It is enough, if the case can be shewn to have been one upon which men’s minds can honestly differ. We think that it was, and furthermore, that, whatever weight may be given to the original claim of discovery, it cannot be construed to furnish the Dutch with more than an inchoate right to the territory watered by the Connecticut river, subject to be made perfect by actual colonization within a reasonable time. This condition failing, the title of that people speedily dwindles down to a right to possess a comparatively insignificant tract of land for the purposes of trade; and even here, it becomes rather a right of property than of absolute dominion.

Perhaps we have gone over these old disputes at the hazard of being tedious. But no one can fail to see that they are not entirely without their parallel in a case which is at this moment agitating the population of the United States and of Great Britain; we mean the question about Oregon. Should the negotiation upon this subject long continue open, the same result can scarcely fail to happen in that territory which took place two centuries since in New England. The tiller of the soil

will drive out the hunter. Even should the territorial limits of the respective countries be defined by a treaty,—an issue which all must, in the view of a worse alternative, unite in desiring,—Great Britain will herself be driven to colonise in that quarter, or she will not avert the consequences which we have predicted. Neither would war itself, however long and furiously kept up, do more than to postpone them. Although the question would, in the case of a treaty, entirely change its nature, yet the tendency of things has already been sufficiently manifested on this side of the water to justify the inference, that a difference in casuistry would not be attended with a corresponding difference in action. With the flood of population advancing to the westward, as it has done for half a century, over this continent, it may become a question for future generations to open, whether any nations shall have a right to hold for ever unquestioned vast territories in habitable climes, conceded to be theirs under the claim of prior discovery, without at the same time manifesting the remotest intention ever to use them for other purposes than to sustain an insignificant trade.

There is still another phase of this question, which we desire briefly to shew, in order to save being misunderstood. Persons belonging to one nation will frequently transfer themselves to countries occupied by and acknowledged to belong to another, and colonize there. This is voluntary expatriation. Such persons swear allegiance to a new sovereign authority, and are bound to obey it. This was done by many persons who came first to New England, but ultimately removed to New Netherland. It would in all probability have been done by more, under the temptations held out by perfect liberty of conscience on the one hand, and greater laxity of moral discipline on the other, had the Dutch authorities in the colony shewn more symptoms of firmness, and secured something like a system of adequate protection. This was not the case. The direction of the colony came from the other side of the water, and its early instruments were weak and wavering and incapable. The first man honoured with the name of governor, Peter Minuits, was simply the manager of the trade, and director of the returns of beaver-skins made to the company at home. So little had he of national character or individual pride in the colony, that, not a great while after he left it, he is found acting as a voluntary guide of the subjects of Sweden to the country situated on the river Delaware, with intent there to establish a new and adverse settlement, notwithstanding it must have been known by him to lie within the limits always even more earnestly claimed by his fellow-countrymen at Manhattan than the Connecticut lands.

The person who succeeded Minuits, Wouter van Twiller, is stated to have owed his promotion from a clerkship in the company rather to the influence of friends than to his personal merit. He seems to have failed in setting a suitable example of sobriety and discretion to a community which stood greatly in need of it. One of the most respectable authorities of the period, David de Vries, gives but a sad account of him and of his principal officer of justice, Sheriff Notelman. It is clear from his narrative that there was not even a dream of teetotalism in those days in New Netherland. "I moreover told the secretary," says De Vries, "that I was astonished that the West India Company should send such fools to the colonies, who knew nothing but how to drink themselves drunk." From his account, there was a wide difference in the mode of conducting business, and in the selection of agents, between the West and the East India Companies of Holland, which seems to betray the comparatively small value they placed on the settlements by the former. "In the East Indies," he continues, "nobody was advanced to commander but after a long service, and after it was known that he was

competent for the office; that he had first to serve as an assistant,—then under-koopman,—then koopman, before he came to be upper-koopman; and advanced farther according to merit. But the West India Company send out at once, as superior officers, people who had never seen any service, and must of course go to destruction." When he went home to Amsterdam, he found things no better in the Company. The directors were quarrelling with one another in such a manner as to deter him from prosecuting his intentions of colonization any further at that time.

In the mean while, another authority tells us that Van Twiller was shrewd enough to take care of his own interest at the expense of that of his employers, and in violation of their orders. He took conveyances from the Indians of large tracts of land, for his own private benefit, without the Company's knowledge; and upon the first appearance of remonstrance by the schout fiscal, or sheriff, Van Dinclage, who had succeeded Notelman in this, the second, post of the colony, he manifested no want of energy in terminating the services of that officer, and sending him home in disgrace to fatherland. Van Dinclage, to be even with him, made such representations of his conduct at home as to induce the Company to order his recall. The jolly and careless Wouter van Twiller was compelled to give place to a successor in the person of William Kieft.

But Kieft, with not so many gross vices, perhaps, proved a worse director than his predecessor. His imprudence, not to say wickedness, in sanctioning a cowardly butchery of the neighbouring Indians, not unfriendly at the time, brought on a state of feeling among those tribes which desolated the face of the country around, and threatened the very existence of the main settlement itself. The sufferings of the people, made houseless and homeless by the savages in revenge for this onslaught, prompted them to blame Kieft for the act; and he, in his turn, after making an humble and public profession of penitence, strove to make those who had instigated him take a share of the odium. The fact probably was, that many had approved the act as a bold stroke of policy before it was committed, who were very glad to throw the whole responsibility for the event, after it was seen to have turned out badly, upon the shoulders of the chief director. For a moment, Kieft appealed for relief to the popular principle; he asked that eight persons should be selected by the commonalty, to whom he might submit propositions intended to relieve it from its distressing situation. The eight men were accordingly chosen, and this act constitutes the only approach to the right of representation which we discover in this history. Neither was that attended with any important results. Time passed on,—Kieft got over his alarm. The eight met weekly to consult, but Kieft paid no attention to them. They ventured to advise; he told them to go about their business. They obeyed, and there was an end of the representative principle in New Netherland. In the mean time, however, the settlement was going backward every day. At the end of a quarter of a century, the population amounted to but three thousand souls. In and around New Amsterdam, the male adults in 1648, did not exceed one hundred. Such were the consequences of a system of government without responsibility to the people, whom it was but incidentally intended to protect, and having for its main end pecuniary profit to a great commercial corporation in an opposite quarter of the globe.

We have already remarked that the first intention of the Dutch West India Company was to monopolize the trade of the new settlement. This system, however, presented few inducements to emigration. Perhaps there were not many independent agriculturists in Holland inclined to come out to America, even upon the more favourable terms which the corporation subse-



Assuming, then, the just view to be that the rights of nations depend more upon their intent of beneficial occupation of new territory than upon the individual who sees it first, we can be at no loss to decide the conflicting questions of title which spring up in the history of New Netherland. As against Great Britain, the right of the Dutch was made good, not by the mere accident, that Hudson first of Europeans saw and examined the country when he was on his way to look after something else, nor yet by the attempt of a few traders to secure a monopoly of such articles of value as the wilderness could be made to supply; but by the actual purchase and taking possession of the soil by industrious men, intending to cultivate and improve it for their own benefit and that of the world at large. This point once settled, there yet remains another question behind it, which has been a good deal agitated, and which it is not so easy to decide. Where colonization is made in a country admitted to be open, there must be some limits to the region claimed for settlement. How are these limits to be defined, as between two communities not very far distant from each other? For instance, in the present case of the Dutch, how far east and west, and south and north, is their title to be considered valid? Here Mr. O'Callaghan falls back upon the old pretension of first discovery, and maintains for them, on that score, an exclusive right to the whole country between Cape Cod and Delaware Bay. He is therefore disposed to find a great deal of fault with the English Puritans for endeavouring to crowd upon the banks of the Connecticut river, whilst the Dutch had actually bought and occupied a trading-post at its mouth.

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The person who succeeded Minuits, Wouter van Twiller, is stated to have owed his promotion from a clerkship in the company rather to the influence of friends than to his personal merit. He seems to have failed in setting a suitable example of sobriety and discretion to a community which stood greatly in need of it. One of the most respectable authorities of the period, David de Vries, gives but a sad account of him and of his principal officer of justice, Sheriff Notelman. It is clear from his narrative that there was not even a dream of teetotalism in those days in New Netherland. "I moreover told the secretary," says De Vries, "that I was astonished that the West India Company should send such fools to the colonies, who knew nothing but how to drink themselves drunk." From his account, there was a wide difference in the mode of conducting business, and in the selection of agents, between the West and the East India Companies of Holland, which seems to betray the comparatively small value they placed on the settlements by the former. "In the East Indies," he continues, "nobody was advanced to commander but after a long service, and after it was known that he was

competent for the office; that he had first to serve as an assistant,—then under-koopman,—then koopman, before he came to be upper-koopman; and advanced farther according to merit. But the West India Company send out at once, as superior officers, people who had never seen any service, and must of course go to destruction." When he went home to Amsterdam, he found things no better in the Company. The directors were quarrelling with one another in such a manner as to deter him from prosecuting his intentions of colonization any further at that time.

In the mean while, another authority tells us that Van Twiller was shrewd enough to take care of his own interest at the expense of that of his employers, and in violation of their orders. He took conveyances from the Indians of large tracts of land, for his own private benefit, without the Company's knowledge; and upon the first appearance of remonstrance by the schout fiscal, or sheriff, Van Dinclage, who had succeeded Notelman in this, the second, post of the colony, he manifested no want of energy in terminating the services of that officer, and sending him home in disgrace to fatherland. Van Dinclage, to be even with him, made such representations of his conduct at home as to induce the Company to order his recall. The jolly and careless Wouter van Twiller was compelled to give place to a successor in the person of William Kieft.

But Kieft, with not so many gross vices, perhaps, proved a worse director than his predecessor. His imprudence, not to say wickedness, in sanctioning a cowardly butchery of the neighbouring Indians, not unfriendly at the time, brought on a state of feeling among those tribes which desolated the face of the country around, and threatened the very existence of the main settlement itself. The sufferings of the people, made houseless and homeless by the savages in revenge for this onslaught, prompted them to blame Kieft for the act; and he, in his turn, after making an humble and public profession of penitence, strove to make those who had instigated him take a share of the odium. The fact probably was, that many had approved the act as a bold stroke of policy before it was committed, who were very glad to throw the whole responsibility for the event, after it was seen to have turned out badly, upon the shoulders of the chief director. For a moment, Kieft appealed for relief to the popular principle; he asked that eight persons should be selected by the commonalty, to whom he might submit propositions intended to relieve it from its distressing situation. The eight men were accordingly chosen, and this act constitutes the only approach to the right of representation which we discover in this history. Neither was that attended with any important results. Time passed on,—Kieft got over his alarm. The eight met weekly to consult, but Kieft paid no attention to them. They ventured to advise; he told them to go about their business. They obeyed, and there was an end of the representative principle in New Netherland. In the mean time, however, the settlement was going backward every day. At the end of a quarter of a century, the population amounted to but three thousand souls. In and around New Amsterdam, the male adults in 1648, did not exceed one hundred. Such were the consequences of a system of government without responsibility to the people, whom it was but incidentally intended to protect, and having for its main end pecuniary profit to a great commercial corporation in an opposite quarter of the globe.

We have already remarked that the first intention of the Dutch West India Company was to monopolize the trade of the new settlement. This system, however, presented few inducements to emigration. Perhaps there were not many independent agriculturists in Holland inclined to come out to America, even upon the more favourable terms which the corporation subse-

quently offered. A corresponding class of people to those who came to New England seems to have been greatly wanting. Resort was had to modes of action in some degree peculiar to Holland. Temptations were held forth to the wealthy to undertake to plant colonies on their own account. Hence sprung the right of patroons, and the transfer to the new of the manorial rights and privileges of the old world. Every person who did, within four years from the time of giving notice of his intention to the Company, plant a colony of fifty souls, upwards of fifteen years old, in the country, became entitled to the character of a patroon; in other words, at the place selected by him, he obtained the right to extend the limits of his estate sixteen miles along one bank of a navigable river, or eight miles on both sides, and as far into the interior as other occupation did not forbid. Within the territory thus marked out, the patroon became in many respects a sovereign. He had the power to administer justice, civil and criminal, in person or by deputy, and to appoint local officers and magistrates. He enjoyed the exclusive right of fishing, fowling, and grinding within his jurisdiction. He held his colony subject to testamentary disposition, with all the privileges,—the monopoly of mines and minerals, and water-courses, the rights of pre-emption and of fines on the transfer of estates, and of succession in the case of intestates,—which the Roman law would have secured to him in his own country. In other words, any man might found a sort of feudal principality in the colony of New Netherland, who had a mind to hazard the adventure. After this fashion grew the manor of Rensselaerwyck, of which many people have lately heard so much in connection with the anti-rent troubles of the State of New York. This was colonized by Kiliaen van Rensselaer, who does not, however, appear to have himself come out to look after it. The present work of Mr. O'Callaghan contains much information upon this peculiar feature of the early colony, and it has many original documents relating to that particular manor, which have not before seen the light, so far as we know.

From these it would appear, that the aforesaid patroon set off farms, built the necessary buildings, furnished the stock and agricultural implements to the farmer, in exchange for which he received one tenth of the produce of the farm, and one half the increase of the stock, in addition to the rent agreed upon, which was payable in grain, beaver-skins, or wampum. He had also a right of pre-emption of the annual return of grain and stock, as well as of all lands sold within his jurisdiction. He had a monopoly of mill-sites; and consequently every tenant was bound to get his grain ground at his mills. But it should not be inferred from this enumeration of the ancient rights of patroons, that they have existed of late in any similar extent. The grants of land under which all the existing difficulties in the counties of Albany and Rensselaer have arisen bear date since the year 1785. The mode of tenure is evidently founded upon the old system, but it has been varied to meet the changes of the times. A low annual rent is charged, payable in kind—four fowls, a fixed quantity of wheat, and a day's work by a man and team. The same reservations are made of mines and water rights, of pre-emption rights on the sale, and of fines on the transfer of estates, equal to one quarter part of the gross amount for which they sold, which were originally established. All the other and greater privileges of special jurisdiction and of monopoly have vanished. Even those which really exist have, not for a long time been seriously exercised; yet such is the contrast between the opinions of men in the first days of the colony and at the present time, that several counties of the great State of New York are even now in a condition little short of rebellion against the law, on account

of the existence of the mere shadow of these ancient tenures.

In order, then, fully to comprehend the principles upon which this colony of New Netherland was founded, it will be necessary to bear in mind that the system of settlement was two-fold. By the one, the manors were created, and a mutual feudal relation of patroon and vassal established, as we have endeavoured to shew; by the other, certain privileges were accorded to the inhabitants of separate hamlets, villages, or cities, the principal of which was that of recommending for local magistrates a certain number of persons out of whom the director could make selections to please himself. The administration of justice between man and man was thus, in some measure, retained within the hands of the people whom it most interested. This is the nearest approach we can discover in this history to the idea of popular freedom. The law was administered according to the prescriptions of the civil code, a system, it should be observed, which, however perfect in some of its features, is not based upon that wholesome jealousy of authority which has been the safeguard of human liberty with the Anglo-Saxon race. Town meetings were utterly prohibited, as contrary to the spirit of the new institutions. The director and his council, as the representative of the sovereign power, were the proper fountain of all laws for the redress of existing evils. As Mr. Bancroft very justly observes, "The schoolmaster and the minister were praised as desirable, but no provision was made for their maintenance." What was the consequence? Churches were commenced, and schools opened, but the funds intended for the completion of the one, and the support of the other, were embezzled, or applied to other purposes. Every avenue to enterprise was choked by restrictions. The colony languished and decayed. Intemperance and poverty went hand in hand. "A fourth part of the city of New Amsterdam consisted of grog-shops, and houses where nothing could be got but tobacco and beer."

Such are the frank admissions of Mr. O'Callaghan himself. And yet he finds fault with Mr. Bancroft for saying, that "the emigrations from New England engrafted on New Netherland the Puritan idea of popular freedom." To us nothing seems more perfectly demonstrable. Our author, on the other hand, claims for the Dutch proprietary system the cherishing of that idea.

It was, then, he says, "to the wise and beneficent modifications of the feudal code which obtained there, and not to the Puritan idea of popular freedom, introduced by emigrants from Connecticut,—as some incorrectly claim,—that New Netherland and the several towns within its confines were indebted for whatever municipal privileges they enjoyed. The charters under which they were planted, the immunities which they obtained, were essentially of Dutch and not of Connecticut origin, and those who look to New England as the source of popular privileges in New Netherland fall, therefore, into an error, sanctioned neither by law nor history. Strange as it may seem, while every colony, and almost every hamlet, had its local magistracy, the citizens of New Amsterdam, the capital of the whole province, continued, greatly to their discontent, without a voice in the management of their municipal affairs. The government of that city still remained in the hands of the Director-general and his council."

In this statement our author may be correct, but we scarcely know how it can be maintained against the evidence furnished by his own work. In the very next paragraph to the one we have quoted, he admits that Kieft was perfectly absolute in his government, and that the only check to which the colonists could look for protection, the right of appeal from the Director's judgment to the court of Holland, was totally cut off by him in 1643. Furthermore, when, in the year 1653, the first popular assemblage that ever took place ventured, under the direction of George Baxter, the man who had been



Kieft's English secretary, to ask for some participation in the government, the immediate reply of honest Peter Stuyvesant, the last and best of the Dutch governors, was, "Will you set your names to the visionary notions of the New England man?" And he dispersed the meeting at last with the summary declaration, that "he derived his authority from God and the West India Company, not from the pleasure of a few ignorant subjects." Surely, this doctrine could not have been safely uttered in a community acknowledging an idea of popular freedom. "Had we been under a king, we could not have been worse treated," murmured the people, when Kieft was exercising unchecked as much absolute power in his degree as ordinarily falls to the lot of any king.

But though we are not able to see the Dutch colony of New Netherland in quite so favourable a light as our author, we very cheerfully accord to him all praise for his industry and zeal in its behalf. Although the outward aspect of the settlement is not promising, owing to the radical defect in its origin, we yet know very well that a great deal of the best of human nature lay quietly under the surface. If the government was indiscreet, or selfish or vicious, many of the people were quiet and substantial and moral, living in the fear of God, and with goodwill to man. We hope that Mr. O'Callaghan will continue his labours, and give to the public the remaining and most interesting part of the history, namely, that which embraces the administration of the worthy General Stuyvesant. And if he still find it in his heart to complain of the encroachments of the Puritan race, which ultimately overturned the domination of the Hollander, let him console himself with the reflection that the colony thrived greatly under the infliction. Even at this day, New York will be found to owe a considerable share of its extraordinary prosperity to the spirit of descendants of New England's Pilgrims, who constitute no inconsiderable proportion of the three millions of her population.

## JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

**AN ENTHUSIASTIC NATURALIST.**—One of my first movements in Nashville was a walk to the College to see Professor Troot, who is a great enthusiast in geology. It is to be mentioned, to the honour of the State of Tennessee, that it has been one of the first American States to patronize science by allowing him 500 dollars a year as geologist to the State, in addition to his appointment at the College as Professor of Chemistry and Natural History, to which a salary of 1,000 dollars a year is attached, so that the worthy Professor is thus enabled to enjoy all the comforts of life, and to make himself perfectly happy as the distributor of these sums, for, like all philosophic enthusiasts, he places no value on money, and willingly gives any of the country people 20 dollars to bring him a live rattlesnake or any thing new or curious in natural history. Everything of the serpent kind he has a particular fancy for, and has always a number of them that he has tamed in his pockets or under his waistcoat. To loll back in his rocking-chair, to talk about geology, and pat the head of a large snake, when twining itself about his neck, is to him supreme felicity. Every year in the vacation he makes an excursion to the hills; and I was told that upon one of these occasions, being taken up by the stage-coach, which had several members of Congress in it going to Washington, the learned doctor took his seat on the top, with a large basket, the lid of which was not over and above well secured. Near to this basket sat a baptist preacher on his way to a public immersion. His reverence, awakening from a reverie he had fallen into, beheld, to his unutterable horror, two rattlesnakes raise their fearful heads, and immediately precipitated himself upon the driver, who, almost knocked off his seat, no sooner became apprized of the character of his opidian outside passengers, than he jumped upon the ground with the reins in his hands, and was followed instantaneously by the preacher. The insiders, as soon as they learned what was going on, immediately became outsiders, and nobody

was left but the doctor and his rattle-snakes on the top. But the doctor, not entering into the general alarm, quietly placed his great coat over the basket, and tied it down with his handkerchief, which, when he had done, he said, "Gentlemen, only don't let dese poor dings pite you, and dey won't hoort you." —*Featherstonhaugh's Excursions through the Slave States.*

A correspondent residing near Barjarg Village has been kind enough to communicate the following eye-witnessed particulars. While a farmer was engaged with his work-people in the open field, a sparrowhawk all of a sudden pounced upon a little bird, felling, rather than killing in the first instance, by a single stroke of its reaver wing. After a brief pause the quarry was lifted and hoisted aloft to be leisurely devoured at some other spot; but just at this juncture two brace of lapwings, alarmed for the safety of their own young, opportunely appeared, and attacked the hawk so furiously, that, during the *melee*, the hedge-sparrow, or stone-chatterer, dropped lightly to the ground, and might have escaped ultimately, but for another curious incident. During the battle in the air a corbie crow, which happened to be passing, wheeled slowly and motionless leant on the breast of the sky to await the issue; and, on observing the hawk worsted and its prisoner relieved, it fancied there was something going on in its own line of business, stooped as directly as a body of some weight, cleaving the sky, and recaptured the prize its cousin-german had missed. But again the valorous lapwings were up and doing, and assailed so hotly the new invader of their peaceful abode, that the affrighted little bird was a second time relieved. But the respite was brief; for after the whaups had retired to their respective nests, the crow, watching an opportunity, stooped afresh, and eventually carried off its prize. Rooks are very innocent birds compared to ravens; and it is obvious the ravages which corbies commit during the game-breeding season, in sucking eggs and devouring pouts, are literally incalculable. Of this most gamekeepers have inklings, but scarcely any other persons. —*Dumfries Courier.*

**CURE FOR THE CATERPILLAR.**—A gentleman at Galashields has discovered that exhausted bark spread on the surface round the roots of gooseberry bushes is an effectual remedy for caterpillar. His garden used to be much infested by these destructive insects, which he had tried various modes of rooting out without success, until a lucky chance led him to try the effect of refuse bark from the tan-yard. Two years ago he spread a considerable quantity of it round the roots of all the bushes in his garden, except one or two. Those missed were seriously injured by the caterpillars; all the others were perfectly saved. The next year he neglected to renew the bark, and every bush in the garden was affected with the disease. This year he again resorted to it, and not a single caterpillar is to be seen. A more simple and cheap remedy could scarcely be wished for. A cart load of the bark, which costs about sixpence, is amply sufficient for the largest garden.

**EXTRAORDINARY AGITATION OF THE SEA IN MOUNT'S BAY.**—**NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY, PENZANCE, JULY 14.** Mr. R. Edmonds, jun., we learn from the *Penzance Gazette*, briefly stated the circumstances (as described to him by eye-witnesses at Marazion, Penzance, and Newlyn) attending one of those extraordinary oscillations of the sea, which occupy from five to ten minutes in their influx, and about the same time in efflux, and which occurred in Mount's Bay, during a severe and extensive thunderstorm, on Sunday, the 5th of July instant; the very day of the year when, in 1843, similar agitations took place there and in other parts of Britain, during a thunderstorm, which swept over the island from south to north, and "for severity and extent has rarely been equalled." The precise time of its commencement I cannot learn; but it was observed at Marazion as early as half-past four in the morning, the tide being then about four hours ebb. It was observed at Penzance and Newlyn between 6 and 7 A.M., when the attention of a fisherman in the latter place was arrested by seeing the bows of the boats moored in Gwaryas Lake not facing the wind as usual; but turning alternately north and south, as the current alternately assumed these directions. Boats in Penzance, St. Michael's Modt, and Newlyn, were, after the tide had left them, repeatedly floated and left dry; the rise and fall being between three and four feet. The interval from the commencement of one influx to that of the next was about fifteen minutes. In the early part of the morning from before daybreak until long after, there were at

intervals heavy falls of rain, with very vivid and frequent lightning, and between 3 and 4 A.M., much thunder, with violent wind—the lightning proceeding from the south or south-west, until about three o'clock, when it darted from every part of the heavens. This thunderstorm in other parts of Cornwall was quite terrific, and the lightning did considerable damage. The greater part of Devonshire was also visited by it. Exeter felt it severely between 8 and 9 A.M., and a gentleman then twenty miles north-west of Leeds, informed me, that an alarming thunderstorm with violent wind and rain passed over him at 4 P.M. of the same day. Mr. Milne, in the "Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions," has given an interesting account of the thunderstorm and oscillations of the sea, on the 5th of July, 1843; and if information were collected from the different parts of Britain respecting those of the 5th of July, 1846, it is probable that an equally interesting paper might be written.

### JOURNAL OF INSURANCE.

[The principle of Insurance is now so extensively applied, and all classes of society are so largely availing themselves of its advantages in the various forms of Life and Fire Insurance, Friendly Societies, Guarantee Societies, Building Societies, and so forth, that a distinct department in a popular literary journal may be advantageously devoted to the collection of facts and intelligence illustrative of the principles, or showing the progress of, these various institutions. Communications are requested from actuaries, medical men, secretaries of societies, and others, who take an interest in these subjects.]

### REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172.]

Or the 15,912,773 persons enumerated in 1841, 432,974 were returned as having been born out of England; namely, 103,238 in Scotland, 289,404 in Ireland, 1088 in the colonies, and 39,244 in our foreign possessions, and in foreign parts. The birth-place of soldiers, sailors, and others, amounting in all to 116,112, was not returned; assuming that 15,000 of them were born out of England, the total number of the population not indigenous (*advena*) was 447,974; and if we can determine how many persons must have entered the country annually to amount to 447,974 in 1841, the number of immigrants into England, hitherto unknown, may be estimated. As the enumeration of the *advena* in 1841 was the first in which they were returned, and their ages as well as the time in which they came in are not given, the problem is indeterminate; it may be solved, however, upon probable data, and the limits of error fixed.

If the Irish, Scotch, and other immigrants, all entered in families of all ages, in equal numbers within each of the ten years, 49,584 must have come into the country annually to amount to 447,974 in 1841; if they all came in equal numbers year by year, during the twenty years ended in 1841, 27,416 must have entered annually,\* or 274,160 must have entered in the last ten years.

As young children and old people among immigrants are in less than the usual proportion, it may be assumed that the whole class is represented at the time of entering the country by persons between the ages of 15 and 55; 23,755 of such annual immigrants would in twenty years amount to 447,974. The number (23,755) differs little from 27,416, which I am inclined to consider a sufficiently near approximation to the annual number of immigrants in the ten years, June 1831-41; and which differing little from the annual number of emigrants (27,704) previously cited, allows us to admit the simple and until now unsupported hypothesis of Mr. Rickman and other writers, that the immigration of the Scotch and Irish into England nearly counterpoises the emigration of Englishmen by birth to the colonies and foreign parts.

59,348 persons resident in Ireland (21,552) and Scotland (37,796) when the census was taken, and there stated to have been born in England, imply, however, the removal of from 3,400 to 3,600 persons annually from England to the other parts of the United Kingdom. The greater part of them may be the offspring of Scotch and Irish parents, but added to the 27,704 annual emigrants, they make the total numbers who left England in 1831-40 more than 310,000, which is 36,000 more than the estimated number of immigrants. It is possible

\* 548,460 immigrants, would, at this rate, come into England in twenty years, but 100,480 of them would die, leaving 447,974 alive at the end of the time.

that to something like this extent (3,600 a year), the persons born in England who leave exceed those born elsewhere who come into the country; but for practical purposes it may for the present be assumed that the immigration and emigration are equal.

The results of this inquiry may be briefly summed up:—

Population enumerated in England about May 29th, 1831 ..	13,897,187
Add for enumerated army, navy, merchant seamen at home ..	60,437
Population in England, 1831 ..	13,956,674
Deduct, deaths ..	3,456,573
Emigrants ..	277,037
	3,733,610

Residue to be subtracted from the existing population, 1841 ..	10,223,064
The population, May 29, estimated from the population enumerated June 7th, 1841 (including army, &c. &c.) ..	15,907,867

Number of persons who entered the population by birth, and immigration in ten years ..	5,674,803, or 567,480 annually.
Subtract for immigrants, &c. ....	277,037, or 27,704 "

Then the births in the ten years must have been ..	5,397,766, or 539,777 "
But the baptisms performed and registered at the Established Church were ..	3,965,725, or 396,573 "
The births in the ten years not entered in the parish registers were consequently ..	1,432,041, or 143,204 "
Persons entering in the ten years, including births, not in the register, immigrants, &c. ....	1,709,078, or 170,908 "

NOTE.—The baptisms and burials were returned for the ten years, 1831-40; the emigrants for the ten years 1832-41; while the population was enumerated at the end of May, or the beginning of June in the years 1831, 1841. No correction has been made for this discrepancy in the dates.\*

Before quitting this subject I shall make a remark or two on the increase of the population of the United Kingdom, including England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Islands, the army, navy, and merchant seamen abroad as well as at home.

The table has been drawn up from the returns of the census commissioners; but includes, on the authority of a note in the English report, 17,992 British soldiers in the service of the East India Company. No return having been procured in 1831 of the English force in India, 15,000 have been added on that ground to the male population returned.

The increase of the population of the United Kingdom in ten years is 10.79 per cent. which is at the rate of .01030, or of 1.030 per cent. annually.

Speaking in round numbers the population increased 11 per cent. in the ten years, 1831-41, which is very nearly at the rate of 1 per cent. annually: at this rate the population will double in sixty-eight years. The increase of males was 1.033, of females 1.028 per cent. annually, a difference exceedingly slight. I subjoin a table of the population of the United Kingdom, calculated at the above rate of increase for each of the twelve years, 1841-52.

The population, at the same rate of increase, will be 30,000,000 in January 1852. The increase was 2,639,817 in the ten years, June 1831-41, or on an average 263,932 annually.

About 291,000 people will be added to the population in the year from Midsummer 1845 to 1846. The statement, so often repeated, that the population of the United Kingdom increases at the rate of 1,000 a day is an error which has arisen probably from using the annual rate of increase in England (1½ per cent.) instead of the lower rate of increase (1 per cent.) for the United Kingdom. At the present time it is probable that 800 persons are added to the population daily. The births exceed the deaths by about 1,056 daily,† but emigration from the United Kingdom keeps down the increase. I have before shewn that England, in which the daily births exceed the deaths by about 600, "gets rid" of but a small portion of what has been ignorantly called its "superfluous population" by emigration; the greater part of the English

\* A similar return from Prussia is added, for the sake of comparison, from the official report of Mr. Dieterici.—Die Statistischen Tabellen des Preussischen Staats, 1845.

† The emigration from the United Kingdom was 821,742, or 82,174 persons annually, in the ten years 1831-40; 87,436 annually in 1842-4 and 93,501 in 1845.

emigrants being constantly replaced by natives of Ireland and Scotland.

The following table shews the number of marriages, births, and deaths registered in each quarter of the year, from July 1, 1837, to the end of 1844. The greatest number of births and deaths take place in the winter, the least in the summer quarter; but the increase of population is greatest in the spring and summer quarters, when the seasons are most genial, and the circumstances of the people are most favourable to life.†

**Marriages.**—More marriages were celebrated in 1844 than had ever before been registered in England. The number was 132,249. In 1843 the number was 123,818, more by 4,993 than were registered in 1842. The 118,825 marriages in 1842 were much below the average number; so few had not taken place in any year since 1832.

The proportion of marriages to the population went on declining from 1839 to 1842, increased in 1843, and attained the maximum in 1844. In the tables (i)(k)† it will be seen that the fluctuations were greatest in the north-western division, Yorkshire, and the metropolis. In the eastern and southern divisions the changes were not considerable.

The table (l)† shows the numbers married according to the rites of the Established Church, in registered places of worship, and in superintendent-registrars' offices. The last two columns exhibit a considerable increase. The marriages in 1844, by superintendent-registrars' certificates, were 1,558; in registered places of worship 8,564; in superintendent-registrars' offices 3,446. From 1842 the number of marriages by banns increased 9,432, while the Church marriages by licence decreased, which shews that the increase chiefly affected the classes who marry by banns. In Lancashire 1730 marriages were performed by licence, 9,638 by banns in the year 1842; in the year 1844 the number by banns rose to 12,692, by licence to 1,823 only. The marriages are regulated to a certain extent by the circumstances of the people; and as the decrease in 1842 is a proof of depression in their condition, the increase in 1844 is a sign of decided improvement in their prospects.

The average annual number of marriages in the 7½ years between Quakers was 67, between Jews 146. The marriages of Quakers decreased considerably; those of Jews increased. In 1844 I had the marriages in Roman Catholic places of worship abstracted separately; the number was 2280. If all the Quakers, Jews, and Roman Catholics who married, were married according to the rites of their several religions, and in the average proportion of the whole population—namely, one marriage to every 129 of their respective bodies, the numbers in England must be:—Quakers, 8,643; Jews, 18,834; Roman Catholics, 294,120. The Quakers appear to be dissolving into the general population of the country, under the benign influence of religious toleration; and when we reflect that the great majority of the 289,404 Irish by birth, exclusive of the Irish born in England, are Roman Catholics, the inference is that the number of English Catholics is small. It is right to observe, however, that a few Roman Catholics are married at superintendent-registrars' offices; and are referred to that head in the abstracts.

Of the 2,280 marriages between Roman Catholics, 384 were registered in the metropolis; 311 in Liverpool, 138 in Preston, 207 in Manchester, making with the other districts of that county 1,123 in Lancashire.

It is not so easy to determine approximately the number of members of the Established Church and the members of the other religious denominations, between whom, practically, a line of demarcation cannot well be drawn, as many persons attend more than one of the recognized religious services and ordinances of the country. Those who take as the basis of calculation the marriages of 1844 will make 91 per cent. (90·7) of the population members of the Church of England, while only 85 per cent. were buried (1838-40.) and 70 per cent. baptized (1831-40.) according to her rites. Those who make their estimate on the relative number of communicants or hearers at churches and chapels will no doubt find different proportions.

\* It has not been thought necessary to insert this table, as the text gives the general result.—Eds.

† The result of these tables may be gathered from the text; they could not be conveniently inserted here.—Eds.

The manner in which baptism is deferred and neglected by members of the church is shewn by the returns of baptisms in 1837, when civil registration was first introduced. The baptisms at the church rose from 387,971, in the year 1832, to 405,875 in 1834; they then, instead of increasing, fell to 405,137 in 1836. Great exertions, I believe, were made by the clergy, and the result was, that 462,893 children were baptized by them in the year 1837; after that year the church baptisms declined. It is probable that the baptisms among the dissenting religious denominations who favour infant baptism may have increased, but respecting that I possess no information.

(To be continued.)

## THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

## LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING BACHELOR ON CITIES, LITERATURE, AND ART.

LETTER X.

WE quitted Berlin about noon on the 12th September, 1845, and reached Wittenberg, the Protestant Mecca, at two. Was I greatly overcome? Did Uncle WILLIAM shed tears? Have I brought home some Wittenberg earth to present to the "Protestant Brompton Association?" To all which queries I have but one reply—No; but rely upon the propriety of my present reasons for exercising this control, and spare me the details,

Diremo il resto in quel che vien dipoi,  
Per non venire a noja a me e voi.

Wittenberg is not very attractive externally; it is much less so within. It may be said to form a circle, the principal street dividing the town in the shape of the letter V. The only interest it possesses to the traveller hence arises from its association with LUTHER. The Schloss Kirche, a plain, heavy, whitewashed building, on the right as you enter from the railroad station, contains his tomb, and that of MELANCTHON. Do not imagine, however, these tombs answer to the general description this word with us implies. The tombs of LUTHER and MELANCTHON consist of trap doors, properly locked and bolted, and shutting flush with the level of the floor, about six feet below which you see the inscription upon each coffin. An excessively ugly little woman stumps about, and shews you these and the other wonders of Wittenberg, of which, since

I have more to spin,  
The wheel shall go.

In this church were buried also FREDERICK the Wise and JOHN the Stedfast, the friends of LUTHER; from the pulpit he preached, from the font he baptised, and against its door he affixed his celebrated theses. You go up the street from this to what is termed LUTHER's cell, and pass the house where once MELANCTHON dwelt, for the house, "the only genuine house," is now pulled down, or for the most part rebuilt, retaining, however, the inscription, "Hier wohnte, lehrte, und starb Melancthon." Here lived, taught, and died MELANCTHON. The figure of MELANCTHON was, as you may remember, dwarfish, and his face extremely ill-favoured. I could almost swear now this little wax, preserved ugly deformity, who now potters about the town with her coeval bunch of keys, was MELANCTHON's sister, or else—the likeness is most connubially strong. MURRAY calls her "the person;" observe that—is it not a term, for so accurate a describer, extremely vague? I have a horrible misgiving; we have heard of the "Eternal Jew;" can there be an "Eternal Jewess?" If so, surely such a being might be expected to appear, and not only in a novel, or "once upon a time," as a heretic show-woman. To the very end of the town (carnal or not so), however, she brought us, up an ancient gateway, to a place resembling our "Old Green Arbour Court," where "dear GOLDY," as JOHNSON called him, once resided, and in a very narrow corner, up a very narrow stair, you ascend into LUTHER's very



narrow lodgings. These were on the first floor in the ancient Augustine convent, and consist of a suite of about five rooms. The walls yet exhibit traces of curious decoration, the ceilings of two are supported by props; in the corner of the principal one is his stove, to the right of which as you enter and near the window, is his table; above the door passing into his bedroom is the autograph, boldly written, of PETER the Great, carefully preserved from injury by a glass frame. In the rooms beyond and to the left of this, wherein his friends assembled to discuss the various theological questions of his day, they shew you some books, a cast from his face after death, and a most capacious drinking-cup. I confess I did feel interest in standing in these rooms, that my companions shared it, that this feeling crept over me, and extended itself even to the very anonymous "Eternal" who shewed us with such evident pride each relic. We lingered, went out, and returned, wrote our names in the album, descended reluctantly the stairs, looked back, thought of re-ascending, struggled down that desire, and finally turned up the street, to the Elster Gate, outside of which a tree a little to the left marks the spot where LUTHER burnt the Pope's bull, "which excommunicated and cut him off as a spiritual soul among the people." I watched the face of our dwarfish guide as she uttered it—a cold clammy, dun-coloured, sarcastic, withered smile stole over her features. I am convinced she is the "Eternal One," a female Mephistopheles, nourishing her hate; by pointing out how heavily time has dwelt with the Reformers. For in this city, once thronged with multitudes, the daily mart of men of all ranks, all professions, and of every varied position, where the priests of the Roman hierarchy assembled, and the mailed warrior was incessantly seen, where crowds crushed to hear LUTHER preach, and students from all parts of Germany sought admittance at its University, there is now scarcely a sound to indicate life, scarcely a perceptible interest to animate it, and scarcely one inhabitant discernible throughout the entire extent of its dirty ill-paved streets.

—; that eine andre Welt,  
Dem Blick sich auf; ist andern Sternen  
Das stärk're Auge aufgeheilt.

I was in a manner thus conversing with the poet, when we reached the Rathhaus or Town Hall, before which and beneath a Gothic canopy is a bronze statue of LUTHER, by SCHADOW. It is well placed upon a pedestal of granite, the modelling is good, the position natural, the likeness historic, but the propriety of the canopy, unless to serve the purpose of an umbrella, to screen one from the summer's heat, or guard from winter's storm, I greatly doubt. On one side is this inscription:—

"Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehen,  
Ist's Menschen's so wird's untergehen."

which I thus venture to transcribe:—

Is this of God?—The Work will be  
Progressive to Eternity,  
But if of Man, 'twill day by day,  
Recede, diminish, and decay—

An inscription which, notwithstanding it has been greatly praised, I venture to consider extremely illogical, and somewhat compromising the moral actions of Deity. For observe, if true, it cannot be held as true and good only in a limited degree. The truth being avowedly and certainly of God, and accompanied by the blessing of the truth: "so wird's bestehen," it would not be simply progressive, and accidentally so, more or less in time, but assuredly paramount and uniform unto eternity. Moreover, judging by facts alone, the same inscription might appear upon a statue of MAHOMED at Mecca, and be appealed to with equal fervour by any disciple of his extremely mundane heresy. When LUTHER first uttered this, he did so in a qualified sense, and not in the positive and determinate application of its meaning, prevalent since his time. But so works zeal, its shadows are substantial things, its commonest incidents revealed evidences; it sees, hears, judges, not by the senses of the mind, but through the sensibilities of the imagination. There is no net more common, or of which the hardness is more daring, than to give utterance to the opinions of men, as the truth, the will, and the judgment of God. From this flow, in this country, or with this assimilate those intolerant doctrines and uncharitable heresies which obstruct the moral designs of the Creator, restrain the social affections, separate society into sects, which refuse to opinion,—Charity,

to the errors of human judgment,—Forgiveness, which darken the face of Heaven with wrath, close all avenues to Hope, and shut the gates of Mercy on mankind. For, I ask you, has not every church, sect, and people who have claimed to be the exclusive interpreters of the "Oracles of God" employed force to ensure the predominance of their own creed? Have not the sword, the edict, and the torture chamber been combined for this? Do you remember the strife of the Byzantine, the persecution of the Albigenses, the precipitation of the west upon the east, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Inquisition, the Edict of Nantes, our own civil tyranny? and can you refuse assent to this opinion? I do think you cannot; I am sure you may not; I am convinced you dare not. The "History of Toleration" is yet to be written, and it will be, by the spirit of God working in thoughts of Charity upon the opinions of future generations. It was dusk as we entered the Rathhaus.

A vast and venerable pile,  
So old it seemeth only not to fall,  
and crept up its creaking staircase. You enter two fine old interiors, places of council and of state, and are allowed to handle the sword of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and the rosary of LUTHER. Here also is the large representation of the Ten Commandments, painted by LUCAS CRANACH, of the year 1516, which, according to KUGLER, "does not equal his later pictures, but attracts by its energetic colouring and the carefulness of its execution." For my own part, it interested me less technically as a work of art, but because of its being the type of the opinions of the period when it was painted, which are thus manifest and existent, owing to their then subjective treatment by the artist. Near the Rathhaus is the Stadt Kirche, which no one should omit to visit, or to examine, particularly the font of PETER VISCHER, and the altarpiece, by LUCAS CRANACH. This latter possesses at once historic, religious, and artistic value—historic, from its authentic portraits, religious, by the spiritual truths it inculcates, artistic, through its treatment. It is at once a representation of the most remarkable rites of the Protestant church, and a memorial of some of its most honoured teachers of Holy Writ. I dare not, however, venture into more minute description, but I would earnestly advise the tourist to examine this picture and another with some sculpture in the south aisle. Near this church they were destroying a building, which may have been a "chapter house," a "Baptistery," or "vestry-room," as time and opinion coincide to ordain; but I shuddered as the dust enveloped me, and the materials thereof fell; for I saw some delicate tracery on which the hand of the workman would in the next hour, press more heavily than that of time has done for ages. Death, time, and the elements are less destructive to man than his own variable creed, his own remorseless ambition, and ever insatiate unmitigated passions. Saying which, I nudged Uncle WILLIAM, and hastened with that most agreeable of companions to our inn. Can I quit Wittenberg without a word on LUTHER? Prithce say me—No. It shall be only a slight meditation on his character, which, I do think, we too unreflectingly bind up or consider as inseparable from the Reformation. Believe me, the Reformation had been a fact, had LUTHER never existed. It was inevitable, at least in Germany. Notwithstanding the common exaggeration on this most exaggerated topic, the then great spiritual degradation of the Church of Rome cannot be denied. Rome had not fallen so much on evil days and evil tongues, as from spiritual truths and spiritual teaching. Subtlety and superstition had made her a vast temporal power, and she employed both to enhance the position and possessions of the priesthood. The kingdom of heaven was made accessible only through the kingdom of man, of which Rome was the capital. The Princes of Germany hated Rome because of her political influence, and the people of Germany, intellectual, ardent, and sincere, detested her dominion because it was that of an Italian, sensual, corrupt, and taxing. The quarrel between TETZEL and LUTHER was thus the mere drop which made the cup of hate run over, or as the hand which threw its contents upon the earth. That the Roman priests had long become the despised of the earth, a proverb and a bye-word among nations, is well attested; as vile as a priest was a common phrase, even in the days of the Troubadour. Your English Nursery Songs are probably, in many instances, derived from ignorant phonic corruptions of Dutch street wit, in the Seven

Dials style of poetry against them; they were derided in the pulpit and in the theatres, and the Bible was quoted even by the ladies of Rome (not at that day the HANNAH MORES of their sex) to convict them of ignorance, and of every spiritual sin. You may doubt this common knowledge of the scriptures, and cite the long printed tradition that the Bible was so scarce, so concealed, so forbidden, that even LUTHER never saw it before he entered himself at Erfurt. But this is not the fact. Before the invention of printing, I doubt if it were possible that any book, taking into consideration the expenses of multiplying copies, the state of the times, the insecurity of property from rapine, civil war or negligence, was more common, or so accessible as the Bible was—certainly to the clergy. Immediately subsequent to the invention of printing, the Holy Scriptures were more frequently reproduced than any other books, inasmuch that before LUTHER's translation no fewer than four editions in German had appeared. Nor can it be doubted that many great and good men adorned the Roman Catholic Church, or that the Church had not exercised generally a beneficial influence since her establishment. It was her *then* condition which awoke the energy of LUTHER, which aroused the religious feelings and political passions of men, and ended in the Reformation. I cannot, therefore, consider LUTHER as its sole cause; I do not consequently estimate him so highly as we are for the most part wont to do. He had great zeal for religion, had early emancipated himself from the thralldom of the false scholastic philosophy, for the freedom and consistency of scriptural truth. His motives were devout and disinterested, his morals unimpeached, his integrity unquestioned, his convictions strong, his defence of them courageous, his patriotism pure, his precepts averse to war, and tending earnestly to the moral and political regeneration of the people. But that he greatly complicated events, compromised the character of the Reformation, and was the source from whence the peasants' war arose, and the fierce Anabaptist sprung may not, I think cannot, be denied. ERASMUS and MELANCTHON justify this opinion by their condemnation of his theory of government, which greatly led to the excesses of the peasantry, the fanatics of Munster, and the followers of ZWINGLE. For LUTHER's passions were unrestrained, his vanity excessive, his fanaticism extreme, his hate not to be subdued. Hence the question had with him invariably the feeling and the form, the aspect, and the strength of a personal quarrel between himself and the Pope. He could bear no rival, neither in ERASMUS, CARLSTADT, ECKE, nor ZWINGLE. No appeal from his authority, for he was more intolerant than the Pope; no denial of it, for he was the herald of Heaven. His ideas were coarse, in controversy it is hard to say which is more apparent, his utter fearlessness, or his extreme abuse. Half of his celebrated propositions, condemned in the Pope's bull, have been since also condemned by the most celebrated theologians, whether Catholic or Protestant, of Europe. MELANCTHON himself lamented his views on "private judgment," and we cannot forget he allowed PHILIP of Hesse a dispensation to marry his favourite mistress, MARGARET DE SAAL, in addition to and with the assent of CHRISTINA of Saxony, his wife, under a pretext which MAHOMED alone would preach, and the patriarchal times of society, I apprehend, alone morally justify. His Sermon on Marriage, at Wittenberg, matches the Treatise of SANCHEZ on that subject, if not in learning and research, at least in delicacy; and the unblushing utterance of certain tacitly admitted truths. Good and evil, are so inseparable in this world, that I know you will say, enjoy the former in thankfulness, and endure the latter in charity. This I admit; history does not wholly condemn LUTHER, neither do I condemn him. Das sey ferne! I only ask, in all judgment let there be openness, honesty, and truth; my little knowledge, convictions, feelings, and sympathies are with those doctrines he first so courageously preached against the powers of his day, and which men of all religions now, for the most part, struggle to maintain, as containing truths the inheritance of all, and the basis of all, mutual good. But we must not in the event forget the cause, or blessing the act entirely set aside or pervert the character of the agent. If locality awakens sympathy and enlists feeling, assuredly my present locality would. From the window of the room in which I write, my eye rests upon the Schloss Kirche, over which the moon now sheds a consecrated light, for the place on which it falls is holy;

within and without the old church is radiant with it; the graves of LUTHER and MELANCTHON, and the altar, with the sculptured effigies of their cotemporaries, are alike discernible in its unbroken gleams. The stillness of death pervades the hallowed resting-place of these great men, and not a sound is heard in this town once so thronged, so replete, so animated, so embittered by the strife of human interests and passions. At such an hour, at such a place, in such a scene, I would not willingly recal the bitterness of the past, or re-awaken the judgment of centuries upon human error. If I have written aught on LUTHER your probably sounder opinions may condemn, believe that it arises neither from prejudice nor passion; not that I estimate LUTHER less, but that I esteem truth and sincere convictions more. We start at five to-morrow for Leipzig and Dresden, whence you shall hear of pictures and the presentation at court.

#### IMPOSITIONS AT INNS.

At home and abroad it is of the utmost importance that all whom pleasure or business lead to travel should be informed what Inns are to be avoided on account of excessive charges, ineivility, or discomfort. This can only be accomplished by those who have been imposed upon making the grievance public, by way of warning to others to avoid the like fate. Such exposures would also perform the good service of deterring from a repetition of the wrong. There is nothing like exposure to keep such persons in order. The effective mode of doing this is by simply publishing the extravagant bill, without comment. This good service THE CRITIC is willing to perform, and therefore we invite all who are imposed upon at any hotel, at home or abroad, to forward the exorbitant bill, which here shall be put into print for the guidance of other travellers. We have received some complaints of one of the hotels at Teignmouth, in Devonshire. Let those who find fault transmit to us the obnoxious bills, and they shall duly appear in "The Tourist."

#### ASCENTS OF MONT BLANC.

Accounts from Chamounix inform us, that the very fine weather which has prevailed there for some weeks past has led to several attempts (most of them successful) to explore the summit of Mont Blanc, and the even more perilous ascent and passage of the Col du Géant, in order to enjoy the magnificent Alpine scenery in all the glory of its wild grandeur. On the 30th of June a French Count Alfred crossed the Col du Géant, with five guides, to Cormayeur, without accident. On the 13th of July Count Bouillé reached the summit of Mont Blanc, having experienced rough weather. On the 16th of July another French gentleman, in attempting to cross the Géant, with five guides, was caught in a snow-storm, and, after wandering about the ice and snow for fourteen hours, the party fortunately got back to the Montanvert, where great apprehensions were entertained about them. On the 2nd of August Messrs. Greene, Popham, and Dutton, with eight guides, crossed the Col du Géant in seventeen hours, having nearly lost one of their guides, who was precipitated headforemost into a crevice in the ice, from which he was extricated by lowering down another guide by a rope, his further fall having been stopped by his mountain pole catching luckily in the ice. A large mass of the Glacier du Tacul also fell in close to the party during their passage. On the 5th of August Messrs. Wolley and Hart reached the summit of Mont Blanc, with six guides, led by the veteran Coutet, who thereby performed his 17th ascent, twelve of which succeeded. The weather during their ascent was so clear that the party were distinctly observed from Chamounix arriving at the summit. The courage and skill of the guides in all these expeditions, and their considerate attention for the safety of the travellers, are highly spoken of. Professor Forbes, who has been staying for the last fortnight at the Montanvert, engaged in scientific researches, is about to explore the Tacul Glacier and the Col du Géant, for the same purpose. It is also currently reported that Mr. Robert Peel, son of the late Premier, is daily expected in Chamounix, with the intention of ascending Mont Blanc.

The *Augsburg Gazette* confirms the statement of the *Rheinish Observer*, that a great company has been formed which will undertake to convey travellers in all directions, and to spare them the trouble of paying the expenses of the journey en route, by giving them coupons on their departure, which will be received in payment throughout the journey by the hotels with which the company has made arrangements. This company is to have its seat in London. It has already made all its arrangements on the route from Ostend to Alexandria; and hopes to despatch, a short time hence, a caravan of three hundred travellers, who will proceed from Ostend to Cologne by the railroads, and will ascend the Rhine for Trieste, and thence sail for Alexandria.

## ART.

## New Publications.

*Portraits and Memoirs of Eminent Citizens.* No. I. London: Collins.

*Portraits and Memoirs of Eminent Conservatives.* No. I. London: Collins.

THE first number of each of the above costly works contains three portraits. Strange to say, the *Eminent Citizens* opens with—whom does the reader suppose? with no other than Mr. MICHAEL GIBBS (!!!) who is followed by Lieutenant WAGHORN and Lord HARDINGE. But overlooking this strange incongruity, and taking the publication upon its intrinsic merits, it may be said of this as of its companion collection of portraits of *Eminent Conservatives*, that as a work of art it is entitled to great praise. The engravings are of a high class, remarkable for clearness and expression. The character imparted by the painter has been caught by the engraver, and the result is that which in popular phrase is called “a speaking likeness.” The *Eminent Conservatives* selected for this first number are Earl BROWNLOW, Lord HILL, and Sir EDWARD HYDE EAST, Bart. The *Memoirs* are brief, but interesting, and add much to the value of the work. By the bye, it will be necessary for Mr. COLLINS to change the title of his *Gallery* or introduce another series. He will find it extremely difficult to classify his men. Whom will he marshal among *Conservatives*? He should present us with a *PEEL* Gallery, a *Protectionist* Gallery, a *Whig* Gallery, and so forth. Only thus will he avoid the danger of placing men in company with which they would have no wish to be associated. And just now there are few who could precisely say to what party they belong. Let Mr. COLLINS look to this.

*Heath's Gallery of Engravings.* Part XII. Bogue. This part contains an exquisite portrait of Mrs. FAIRLIE, one of ROBINSON'S happiest efforts; “The Love Letter,” by WRIGHT, in which the expression has been well caught; and the Interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the occasion of the installation of a Knight of the Garter.

POLITICAL SKETCHES OF H. B. Nos. 869 to 872. T. M'LEAN.—We may read what Selden calls in his memorable passage about ballads and libels, “the complexion of the times,” in the inimitable sketches which the prolific pencil of H. B. produces for our entertainment and instruction. The sketches before us (four in number) are in every way worthy of their predecessors in the series. The first (No. 869) represents “An Irish Faction Fight,” Sir Robert Peel and his party, armed with bludgeons, are represented on one side; Mr. O'Connell, Lord John Russell, Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Disraeli, and an animated mob, equally well armed, on the other. “We must give in,” says Peel; “there's no standing against such odds.” “I'm for the fellow with the whiskers,” says Sidney Herbert in the back ground, eyeing Lord George with a look of defiance. The expression of Mr. O'Connell's face is particularly clever. No. 870 represents

“Medea,” after the destruction of her children, vanishing through the air upon a chariot drawn by winged dragons, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright representing Medea's dragons on the occasion. This is a happy application of a classic story of our own times. No. 871 is called “A Protectionist Vision of the year 1847,” and represents Sir Robert Peel running away with two parliamentary bills, separately labelled “Repeal of the Union,” and “Abolition of Irish Churches.” In the back ground stand Lord John Russell and Lord Grey; Lord John with the downcast look of one who is *done*, Lord Grey in an attitude of paralysed astonishment. No. 872 is called “The Fall of Cæsar,” and represents Sir Robert Peel falling at the foot of a statue, inscribed with the name of “Melbourne.” The Casca of the piece is Mr. Disraeli. The other conspirators, Mr. Cobden, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Sheil, and Lord George. This is, perhaps, the best of the four; a free translation, it is called, of a speech at Manchester, “Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.”—*Daily News*.

SCULPTURE BY MACHINERY.—An American paper gives the following account of a recent invention, which, if the statement be correct, will render the art of the sculptor a merely mechanical employment:—“During a recent visit in Boston we were shewn specimens of the production of a wonderful piece of mechanism, which were, indeed, truly astonishing. They were miniature busts of Daniel Webster, Abbot Lawrence, and Levi Woodbury; being perfect *fac similes* of their distinguished originals, and wrought of beautiful American marble, and by a machine which has been invented by Mr. T. Blanchard, of Boston. Nature, art, everything tangible, can be copied by this machine, with a precision which defies the chisel, even when guided by the most skilful hand and directed by the most gifted talent. The machine, too, can be graduated so as to give reduced copies of any statuary, which shall, in their miniature, be perfect and exact copies of the originals in everything else but the size; preserving every line, furrow, and dimple, and giving prominence to muscles and veins, and every particular lineament and feature, in exact proportion. By the same machinery the most correct and perfect bas-relief likenesses may be cut on the hardest material, and of any size required, from half an inch to full life-like size. We saw a strikingly exact cameo profile of Henry Clay, as perfect a head of that statesman as we have ever seen in any of the busts or casts to be found, and of the fashionable size for a lady's breast-pin. Among the specimens shewn us, too, were the heads of several of our acquaintances, cut in cameo and ivory, the proper size for setting in pins, the first glimpse of which called before our minds the originals as readily as the most perfect Daguerreotype or pencilled miniature would have done. This machinery may be readily graduated to increase or diminish the copy, so as to furnish a colossal or a miniature figure, with equal precision, and in all respects exact proportions.

The drawings, sketches, and other effects of the late Mr. Haydon, were exposed to public sale this week. Little anxiety was exhibited to acquire memorials of the deceased artist. The prices obtained for a few articles of historic interest may be mentioned. An octagon colour-stone and two mullers, belonging to James Barry, R.A. afterwards in the possession of Hoppner; and bought by Mr. Haydon for 35*l.* sold for 1*l.* 13*s.* The coat worn by Earl Grey at the Reform banquet, and presented to the deceased at his request, was “put up;” but only 7*s.* being offered for it, the auctioneer withdrew it. A small drawing of Haydon Asleep, by Wilkie, sold for 17*s.* A portrait of Mr. Hume, M.P. which the auctioneer said was a good likeness, but which the honourable member had repudiated, sold for 1*l.* Portrait of the Duke of Richmond, in chalk, 10*s.* During the sale, a note from some person was handed in, forbidding the auctioneer to sell the painting of “Alfred and the First British Jury;” but no attention was paid to the warning; the painting was put up, and knocked down at 200*l.* It is supposed that the auctioneer was commissioned to buy the picture at that sum for Sir Robert Peel.

ITALY.—DISCOVERY OF OLD AND VALUABLE PAINTINGS.—A letter from Rome of the 26th ult. says:—“Two old paintings, one by Michael Angelo, the other by Raphael, have just been discovered. The first represents the bearing of the Saviour to the tomb; the other is a portrait of the cele-



brated Cardinal del Monte, and is a fac-simile of a portrait of the same cardinal by Raphael in *fresco* in the Vatican, representing the institution of the canon law. Both paintings were in a lot of old pictures on sale; that by Michael Angelo was bought by a young Scotch artist, the other by M. Cardeni, a dealer in antiquities. On the back of the frame-work of Buonarroti's picture there is a small plate of tin, stamped with the arms of the Farnese family."

### MUSIC.

*The Land where the Violets Grow, Duet; and The Shepherd's Cottage, a Pastoral Ballad.* By C. E. HORN. John Reid, Baker-street.

AGAIN we find before us some fresh fruits of Mr. HORN's musical talent and industry in an elegant and lively duet, *The Land where the Violets Grow*, and *The Shepherd's Cottage*, for one voice. The former is avowedly a pendant to his favourite, "I Know a Bank," and being much in the same style, though not a copy, cannot fail to attain equal popularity with its elder companion. The words are simple enough, and when uncombined with the magical power of harmony may appear trifling. They are as follows:—

Come let us go to the land where the violets grow,  
Let's go thither hand and hand,  
Over the water and over the snow,  
There in the beautiful South,  
Where the sweet flowers lie,  
Thou shalt sing with thy sweeter mouth  
Under the light of the evening sky,  
That love never fades tho' violets die.

A few words for *The Shepherd's Cottage*, a pastoral ballad, with which style of music HAYDN, LINLEY, and ARNE have familiarized us, and Mr. HORN has not failed to preserve its characteristics in the composition under notice. Here are the words:—

Hard by I've a cot that stands near the wood,  
A stream glides in peace at the door  
Where all who will tarry 'tis well understood,  
Receive hospitality's store.

To cheer, that the brook and thicket afford  
The stranger will ever invite,  
"You're welcome to freely partake at the board,  
And afterwards rest for the night."

The birds in the morning will sing from the trees  
And herald the young god of day,  
Then with him uprising depart if you please  
We'll send you refreshed on your way.

If all would their duty discharge as they should  
To those who are friendless and poor,  
The world would resemble my cot near the wood,  
And life the sweet stream at my door.

We advise our musical friends to purchase both of these last compositions of Mr. HORN, whose genius deserves to be held in honour, and we venture to say that few hearers will be insensible to their beauty.

*There is Music in the Sea.* Poetry by JOHN NURREY; Music by J. O. ALLMAN. London: Harte.

*'Tis but a Dream.* Words by JOHN NURREY; Music by N. J. SPORLE. London: Sporle.

Two ballads neither above nor below the average of such compositions. Mr. ALLMAN's is the most spirited, Mr. SPORLE's the most pathetic. The words are such as songs usually are; there is much more sound than sense in them. But they serve their purpose, for luckily, as persons sing now, the words are never heard.

**MUSICAL GOSSIP.**—Paris.—The Prince Poniatowsky is writing an opera for the Académie Royale. A new ballet, called *Betty*, with a new Italian dancer, Mdle. Fuoco, has been produced with moderate success. The *elcqueurs* are furious about Mdle. Fuoco, but the *feuilletonistes* are at va-

riance. Theophile Gaunier is very warm, Jules Janin very cold about the matter. It appears from what we can gather that Mdle. Fuoco is pretty, agile, and strong, but that her style of dancing wants variety. Anconi, a new *basso* much talked of, will, it is said, make his appearance, with Madame Stoltz and Gardoni, in the new opera of Rossini. Vienna.—Balle's opera of the *Bohemian Girl* was produced here on the 24th of July. The overture was encored, as were also the cavatina of the tenor in the first act, the duet between the tenor and bass, *Arline's* romance, the quartet, the air of the tenor, the trio, and the last rondo of the prima donna. In all, seven pieces were encored—nearly the whole opera. This success amongst the phlegmatic Viennese, who, unlike the Italians, are most difficult to excite, is unparalleled. Naples.—Bassini, the violinist, is creating a great sensation at the Teatro del Fondo, where he has given three concerts. Seville.—Moriani has been playing here—*Lucia* and *Lucrezia*, as usual, were the operas. One would imagine that he knew no others. Bologna.—The news of the political amnesty accorded by the new Pope arrived at Bologna in the afternoon of the 21st of July. To celebrate this act of clemency, the members of the Philharmonic Society organised a concert *à l'improviste*, which took place the same night in the grand piazza. Rossini hastily adapted a hymn of thanks, improvised by a Bolognese poet, to the music of the final chorus of *La Donna del Lago*, which was afterwards sung by the whole populace that crowded the Piazza. Vicenza.—Verdi's *Attila* has been produced here with some success, according to the papers. The singers were La Barbieri Nini, La Colzari, Varese, and Bouché. Louisa Fitzjames is the dancer here in vogue, and pleases in *Giselle*. Milan.—As soon as Perrot arrives, his clever ballet of *Catarina* will be presented at the Scala. Lucille Grahn will represent the heroine. Rossini.—According to *La France Musicale*, this celebrated composer is engaged in writing his own memoirs, which are to be positively published in the winter—the poet Mery will correct the proofs. Great consternation is expressed at the menace of this book, from certain persons who have reason to think they shall be exposed to the satirical severity for which the "Swan of Pesaro" is famous.—*Musical World*.

### THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—RACHEL has, during the past week, been completing her engagement here. The houses have been on each occasion such as to fully vindicate the national taste from the imputation of indifferent perception in theatrical matters; though the town has been so thinned, the audiences, have been quite crowded. The only novelty since our last publication has been the production of SOUMET's celebrated tragedy, *Jeanne d'Arc*, a work which has now received the sanction of a certain duration of time, having been first brought out some thirty years ago. It is a play obviously of historical interest, and the subject has been artistically wrought out by the author; but the part of the heroine, though fine in itself, is scarcely so well adapted to the peculiar powers, or to the turn of her features, or the more classic impersonation which she more habitually presents us with. The play was well got up. The engagement of Mademoiselle RACHEL has, we are glad to hear, fully justified the heavy expense incurred by the lessee in forming it. The entire managerial conduct of Mr. MITCHELL is as honourable to himself as it is satisfactory in its results to the public. We believe that the past season of French plays at this theatre has been thoroughly successful.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—A farce has been successfully brought out here, entitled *The Barber Bravo*. Its plot is nothing at all—a mere medium for the display of Mr. C. MATHEWS's light and amusing dramatic art. *The Barber Bravo* is a barber who is sought out in secrecy, as possessor of a cosmetic, by a lady, and as a bravo, to operate deeper than the skin, by her husband. There is a good deal of cross-purpose and equivocation, very pleasantly sustained, and the farce will afford a hearty laugh, a most desirable thing to realize in this country "on l'on s'amuse tristement," according to old FROISSARD.

**LYCEUM.**—*The Miser's Well* has been revived here, with very excellent effect. The KEELEYS seem to have as much judgment in old as in new lamps, and we would advise them from time to time to follow up this revival with others. There are infinite dramas and farces which might be reproduced for "petter ash new," and with which the public, we are satisfied, would be vastly better pleased. Let Mr. and Mrs. KEELEY take in their

joint hands, and read with joint eyes, the various collections of English dramas and comediettas, and farces, and they might select enough wherewith to carry on half-a-dozen seasons, aided, of course, by a certain number of agreeable novelties. At all events, one standard English farce should be exhibited on these pleasant boards every evening.

**SURREY.**—The operatic company is about to terminate its season here—a season far too brief, and whose briefness all the more surprises us, that we believe it to have been a decidedly successful one. We cannot understand why there should not be a permanent company for the performance of English and translated operas. We always look back with much pleasure at the success of the English opera season at the new Lyceum, when HENRY PHILLIPS was there, and used to sing so finely and dress so admirably in MARCHNER'S *Der Vampyr*, one of the very finest operas ever composed, and one of the most effective in a dramatic point of view. An English opera company conducted as that was, and an English comedietta company under the direction of Madame VESTRIS, and upon the same principle on which she managed the Olympic some years ago, would be two dramatic speculations profitable to the respective lessees, become more pleasant and welcome to the public, and, moreover, a great blessing to the profession, a large proportion of whom must be in a miserable state from want of employment.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—On Friday this theatre closed (only for a brief period, we believe), after a protracted season of nearly three years. After the play of *Borough Politics*, Mr. WEBSTER stepped forward and delivered the following address, which was received with applause:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I must beg of you to suppose *Nathan Thompson* to be Mr. WEBSTER, addressing you at the close of the present highly successful season. Were I to drop my character I might lose—and many would be glad to pick it up—the good one you have been pleased to give me for the many years devoted to your service. We have now been open 562 consecutive—that's rather a hard word for a countryman—consecutive acting nights, and the patronage you have bestowed on the Little Theatre in the Haymarket during the longest season of this or any other theatrical establishment, has given bread to hundreds. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen—thank you with all my heart; indeed my managerial life has been a succession of grateful acknowledgments of your favour. Allow me to hope that my efforts to please you hitherto will hold out good promise for the future."

"With renewed vigour, I have reason to believe, I shall be enabled to present you with a large supply of sterling comedies of British manufacture; and when I mention the names of DOUGLAS JERROLD, SHERIDAN KNOWLES, BOURCICAULT, MARSTON, with others yet unknown to fame, or partially so—dramatically speaking—my assertions will, I trust, not be considered without foundation. I will, at all events, endeavour my utmost to deserve your approbation; and what I say I stick to."

"Ladies and Gentlemen—In the name of this company, collectively and individually, until the 7th of September next, I respectfully wish you all health and happiness."

**VAUXHALL.**—There was another grand masquerade here on Monday, which was fully attended. It is infinitely to be regretted, in a social point of view, that masquerades are not got up at which ladies might, without offence to themselves, be present. The object might be readily attained by the regulation that no person should be admitted without a voucher from a committee of ladies, on the same principle as at ALMACK'S. In this way everybody would be known to somebody, and somebody would be responsible for everybody, suppose the responsibility to arise, which by no means follows. The objectionable scenes which now more or less take place at masquerades arise not so much from any inveterate *polissonerie* on the part of the gentlemen visitors, as from their utter despair at the absence of ladies of their own class in society. Any thing like legitimate or real amusement being thus rendered out of the question, there is no resource but reckless repetition of "the rosy," and the society of women who decidedly come within Mr. POPP'S category, and "have no character at all." The masquerades at Vauxhall are far better than could be expected under the present system of universal admission. There is evidently great pains taken to make the entertainments varied and agreeable, and at the same time to suppress disorder to the utmost possible extent.

**THE ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.**—These very clever artists have made their last appearance at St. James's Theatre for the present season. They took their benefit on the occasion, and beneficially, for the house was well filled in every part. They introduced several new songs, among which we were especially amused with *Old Joe*. There was another novelty, *A Burlesque Lecture on Mesmerism and Phrenology*, which by no means amused us so much as *Old Joe*; sooth to say, the burlesque lecture seemed to us somewhat flat. As a third novelty, the able conductor of the concert—he with the tambourine, we forget his name for the moment—*quære HARRINGTON?*—sung

*The Irish Schoolmaster*, a feature which we have no wish should be repeated in future. The song is a stupid affair in itself, and the more closely the vocalist imitates the Hibernian brogue—turning aside, as he does, all thought of the negro tone and manner—the more effectually does he destroy the illusion sought to be conveyed by the term *Ethiopian Serenaders*.

**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—This admirable establishment continues to draw, in the theatrical phrase, "full houses," and so long as the health of Dr. RYAN will permit him to deliver his practical and instructive lectures, there will be no diminution of interest. For instance, we may mention his practical lectures on the application of chemistry to arts and manufactures, glass making, &c. We may also refer to Dr. BACHHOFFNER'S mode of illustrating electricity, not in experimenting upon frogs' or rabbits' muscles, but applied to manufacture, and producing patterns on cotton by a simple and ready process, electricity and magnetism in their varied power are illustrated; other lectures, proceeding in illustrating art, science, and improvements, fire escapes, smoky chimneys, washing, drying, cotton-carding, spinning, printing offices, engraving, the application of the Archimedean screw to railway inclined planes, &c. Music, too, is also a great feature; popular airs are arranged with great taste by Dr. WALLIS, musical conductor to this institution. Every taste, indeed, may have something to admire, and much to applaud.

#### PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]  
**BRITISH MUSEUM,** Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.  
**NATIONAL GALLERY,** Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.  
**THEATRES.**—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.  
**PANORAMA,** Leicester-square. Every day.  
**DIORAMA,** Regent's-park. Every day.  
**COSMORAMA,** Regent-street. Every day.  
**THE TOWER.** Daily, from 10 to 4.  
**MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK,** Baker-street.  
**CHINESE EXHIBITION,** Hyde-park-corner.  
**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION,** Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.  
**THE COLOSSEUM,** Regent's-park. Day and night.  
**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,** Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.  
**SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,** Kennington. Daily.  
**MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS** now open are—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

#### NECROLOGY.

##### MR. CHARLES BUCKE.

Charles Bucke, Esq. the author of "The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," a work of great merit and excellent feeling, published some twenty-five years ago, and less known than it ought to be, died this week at Islington. He long laboured under bad health, and was, we lament to say, one of those who found that literature was a very bad nursing mother, even to the gifted and most devoted of her children. Misfortune and struggle were his lot.

#### JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

##### REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

##### METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY'S PLANS.

THIS, which has been reported by the select committee of the House of Commons as a measure of great national importance, involves questions so interesting to the public both in a scientific and economical point of view, that we have determined to lay before our readers the most curious portions of the evidence published by the Parliament.

The first witness examined was Mr. SMITH, of Deanstone,

the distinguished agriculturist, and one of the Directors of the Company. He described the scheme. He stated that the first district to which it was proposed to be applied was that drained by the King's College Pond and Ranelagh Sewers; and that the amount of sewage annually flowing from the King's College Pond Sewer alone was calculated at upwards of six millions of tons. No tanks were proposed. A well was to be sunk at a lower level than the sewer, and in it the pumps will be placed, and thence it will be carried in pipes into the country. The delivery will be made thus:—

The delivery will be made in various ways. If it is for the use of irrigation, then the water will be delivered from one of these service pipes in such a position as will allow it to join the stream that is used for irrigation. If it is to be used in itself for irrigation, it will then be discharged into one of the channels that are usual for irrigating purposes, and in that way flow over the land. In applying it to tillage land, we propose to throw it by a jet, by bringing the service pipe to some convenient position in the field, where a hose, made of canvas, can communicate with the opening from the service pipe; this hose will be carried in any direction that may be required, to particular spots, and from these spots the jetting will be; the water will be thrown by a jet over as extensive a surface as the pressure upon the pipes will admit, and when that surface has received its quantity of the sewage water, an additional length will be added to the hose pipe, carrying it to another point, and so on from point to point until the whole field is gone over. There is another mode by low pressure, by stretching the hose pipe all the way across the field at the higher part of it, and by allowing the water to flow out at given distances into small tubes, about from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, made of tin plate or any other convenient metal; these are made in lengths of from three to six feet long, and go into each other like a flute, and can be extended to any distance, such as these (exhibiting two pieces of tin pipe); the hose pipe passing along the top of the field, this pipe is attached to a stopcock, in which the liquid flows, and when it has flowed sufficiently to water a portion of the ridge, another piece is put on, and so on to the bottom of the field; when that has been accomplished, the person who has taken charge of it returns to the top of the field, shuts one stopcock and opens another, and goes on upon another ridge; this mode we have had in actual practice on a farm of 300 acres in the neighbourhood of Glasgow during the last twelve months.

It is delivered by a stopcock, and may be applied either by hose-pipe in a jet, or by way of irrigation.

The questions as to the probability of the farmers taking advantage of the sewage so supplied were answered thus:—

Have you made any inquiries in the country as to the probable consumption among the farmers?—Yes.

Will you state the result?—We have farmers and proprietors who are willing to use the liquid manure to the extent of about 25,000 acres.

Do you conceive 25,000 acres would absorb the whole of this?—It will require 28,000 to consume the whole 6,000,000 of tons.

You have already an area of 25,000 acres, the owners of which are willing to take your supply of sewage water?—Yes, we consider so.

You could bring evidence, if necessary, from that part of the country?—Yes.

Do you reckon that the use of this water will be constant and uniform throughout the year?—Yes, I think it will; by proper regulation, and with a little experience, the water can be disposed of all the year round. I am very well acquainted with irrigation and the various processes in agriculture, and looking at it with that experience and knowledge, I am satisfied that we shall find a steady and regular consumption for the water every day in the year.

Take grass land; is it your opinion that that would be constantly under irrigation from this water?—Yes.

There are certain periods of the year when the irrigation must cease; are there not?—There are no periods of the year when properly regulated meadows cease to receive water.

You state that as a practical agriculturist?—Yes. I have recently visited the irrigation of the Duke of Portland at Mansfield; that is a most extensive thing, and done upon the most scientific plan possible, and in the most substantial manner.

On the scarcely less interesting inquiry, as to the probable profits of the Company, the examination proceeded as follows:—

PROFITS OF THE SHAREHOLDERS.

Mr. Hawes.—I understand you to take up 6,000,000 tons?—Yes.

At what price do you propose to deliver it to the farmer?—Twopence a ton.

That is about 50,000*l.* a year, your gross receipts?—Yes.

What gross capital do you raise; not only what you raise, but propose to borrow?—We propose to expend upon that 120,000*l.*

That is the total cost of your works?—Yes.

That is to say, your engines, your stand-pipe, your main-pipes, and your service-pipes in the neighbourhood of Hounslow?—Yes.

You expect your gross revenue to be 50,000*l.* a year?—Yes.

What proportion of that have you considered as profit?—We, in the first place, charge ourselves with four per cent.; we charge the account of the establishment with four per cent. upon the outlaid money. Then we charge it with various items; the expense of working engines we charge at 4,000*l.*

What is the amount of your four per cent. first?—4,800*l.*

Mr. Bernal.—There is a variance here in this printed report; the capital is stated to be 150,000*l.*?—Yes, we have stated our capital at that; this is what it will cost us.

With power to raise an additional sum?—Yes.

Mr. Hawes.—What is the four per cent.?—4,800*l.*

Now, what do you charge your working expenses at?—Our working expenses of steam-engines, 4,000*l.*

Mr. Kemble.—Per annum?—Yes.

Mr. Hawes.—What is the four per cent. for?—For interest of money.

Now, then, what are your salaries?—Our general repairs we put at 5,000*l.*; management and attendance we put at 12,000*l.*

Does that comprise all your estimated outlay?—No; we have the tear and wear of moveable machinery, such as hose, pipes, and those things, and men to be employed to conduct it; 9,100*l.* besides.

Is that all?—Yes; we call it tear and wear, and labour in distribution.

What do you make that gross?—34,900*l.*

Deducting that from 50,000*l.* we arrive at the profit you estimate?—Yes.

Mr. B. Smith.—Are you restricted by the Bill to 2*d.*?—No. You may take what you can get?—We may take what we can get.

Mr. Hawes.—You make your profit 14,100*l.* a year?—I forgot to mention rates and taxes, 1,877*l.* 10*s.*

You estimate the profit 13,000*l.* and upwards?—Yes.

Upon a gross outlay of 150,000*l.*?—We may probably ultimately lay out that; we expect to be able to do it for 120,000*l.*; we think we have made a full estimate of everything.

And now for the

#### ADVANTAGES TO THE FARMERS.

Can you state any farmers that have been willing to give you this price for the water?—Several farmers; and even a greater price. We stated 3*d.* at the time, and they stated that they were quite willing to pay 3*d.* a ton, and take any quantity; we have had some market gardeners who have said the same thing.

How shall you measure the quantity when delivered through the service-pipes and hoses?—It will be difficult; it must be come at by practice.

Of course the farmers being willing to pay 3*d.* supposing them to represent the whole body of the neighbourhood supplied, that will very materially increase your estimated profits?—No doubt.

Is that the highest price you have had offered?—We have had no offers; but we have just stated to them that we expected to be able to do it for 3*d.* and they said they were satisfied to take a large quantity at that price, and some of those men had made experiments to ascertain the value of it.

Mr. B. Smith.—Have you any experience at Glasgow, or any other place, of the sale of this manure?—No experience of the direct sale at Glasgow; but at Edinburgh it is very extensively used—all the sewage water there. The land which formerly let near the sea—sandy land—at not more than half-a-crown an acre, and from that to 5*s.* has been let regularly for many years at 20*l.* an acre.

Mr. Bernal.—You calculate the expense of these 20,000 acres that you are certain of to be about 2*l.* 10*s.* an acre annually, the expense of this manure to each farmer?—Yes, it would be so; that is a very liberal allowance of manure, and it would make their land very rich; and every judicious farmer, if he can get his land enriched, would be quite ready to pay that.

I am correct in that, am I? 50*s.* an acre?—Upon the average; grass lands will pay more, and tillage lands less; tillage lands, I think, will be sufficiently manured for 10*l.* 8*d.* an acre.

(To be continued.)



**MR. BEARD'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.**—The very numerous portraits taken by Mr. Beard since his recent improvements has enabled him to correct even the trifling faults unavoidable at first. Constant practice has so educated the hand of the operator that he has learned the very instant at which the process is complete. Hence do we see the portraits becoming more and more perfect, and the colouring is laid on so judiciously that the distinctness of a miniature is produced with the minuteness of detail which no art can imitate. All who have not visited Mr. Beard's establishment should make a point of going thither.

#### Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC OFFICE, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

255. NEXT OF KIN of WILLIAM MERRET, otherwise MALLEY, formerly of Holton, in Oxfordshire, and lately of Windsor, Berks, labourer, and who died at Windsor in Oct. 1834. *Something to advantage.*
256. THOMAS DOUGHTY, chemist and druggist, late of George-street, Tottenham-Court-road. *Something to advantage.*
257. NEXT OF KIN of JOHN REDFERN, late of Stockport, Cheshire, yeoman (died 27th Dec. 1830), or their representatives.
258. GEORGE RIDGE CHAPMAN, who, in February 1834, resided in Carnaby-street, Carnaby-market, Middlesex, and was a journeyman boot and shoemaker, and afterwards an in-patient of St. George's Hospital, confined with a swelling in the knee, and about four or five months after discharged as incurable. *Something to advantage.*
259. RELATIONS or NEXT OF KIN of GEORGE FLOTE, late of 19, Clayton-street, Kennington, Surrey (died 11th Dec. 1834, at his said residence, where he had resided for upwards of 30 years previously), and who was baptised at the French Protestant Church, in Threadneedle-street, London, on Jan. 3, 1756, as the son of Daniel Flote and Henriette Damont, his wife. *Something to their advantage.*
260. HEIRS-AT-LAW of PHILIP SMITH, the younger, formerly of Aldgate, High-street, City of London, butcher, who died a bachelor, intestate, in 1813, and of ANN MARIA SMITH (afterwards the wife of John Sommers), who died in 1823, without issue; and which said P. Smith, and A. M. Smith, were the only son and daughter, and respectively devisees in fee in remainder of Philip Smith, the elder, formerly of Aldgate, High-street, aforesaid, butcher. *Something to advantage.*
261. NEPHEWS and NIECES of SOLOMON LEVY, formerly of Sydney, in New South Wales, and late of Grove-end-road, St. John's Wood, Middlesex, and of Cophall-court, City of London, merchant (died 10th October, 1833), or their representatives.
262. CHILDREN of PETER BOWIS, formerly of Henham, Essex, and afterwards of Great Bardfield, same county, brother of Thomas Bowis, late of Peterborough, Northamptonshire (died February, 1830), or their representatives.
263. MR. WILLIAM TUCKER, late of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury. *Something to advantage.*
264. RELATIONS, or NEXT OF KIN of MARY FRENCH, formerly of Newport, Isle of Wight, and late of Newbury, Berks, widow (died about 26th March, 1835). *Something to their advantage.*
265. RELATIONS, or NEXT OF KIN of CERITE MARIA KATHERINE DE CASTELLAN, otherwise called CERITE MARIAN SOUTH, formerly of Wellington-house, Cumberland-row, Islington, but late of 23, Percy-street, St. Pancras, Middlesex, spinster (died on or about 19th May, 1834). *Something to advantage.*
266. HEIRS, or CO-HEIRS-AT-LAW, and NEXT OF KIN of MARY PENNELL, formerly of Horncastle, Lincoln, widow (died in year 1803), or their representatives.
267. ANN FLEMARE, sister of Mrs. SUSANNAH FLEMARE, deceased, late of Stamford-hill, Hackney, Middlesex, or their descendants. *Something to advantage.*
268. WILL or CODICIL of the late BENJAMIN ANTHEY, Esq., late of 11, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, deceased.
269. ISAAC JOHNSON, born at Hoe, Norfolk, was a seaman belonging to H.M.S. *Dauntless*, and on 16th February, 1815, was taken prisoner with *Chesapeake*, by the Ameri-

cans, and has never since been heard of. *Something to advantage.*

270. WILL of Mr. ROBERT CHALK, late of Linton, Cambridge-shire (died 19th November, 1834), supposed to have deposited it with some friend.
271. NEXT OF KIN of ROBERT MITCHELL, late of Bristol, merchant (died December, 1812), or their representatives.
272. HEIR or HEIRESSES-AT-LAW of JAMES BIDDLES, late of Bishopsgate-street Without, City of London, shoemaker (died March 1834).
273. MISS KENWORTHY, sister of the late JOSHUA KENWORTHY, of Smithfield, London (died 1814), or her representatives. *Some property.*  
(To be continued weekly.)

#### BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

##### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The volumes of THE CRITIC handsomely, strongly, and uniformly bound, as they are completed, at 4s. 6d. each.

The stamped numbers may be transmitted by the post, open at the ends, addressed to the Publisher, with a distinctive mark, of which advice should be given in a letter directing how the volumes, when bound, shall be returned.

A Portfolio on a new and convenient plan for preserving the current numbers of THE CRITIC may be had at the office, or, by order, through any bookseller in town or country. Price 4s.

#### REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Aug. 8 to Aug. 15.

##### NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

##### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Aide-Mémoire to the Military Sciences, part 2, completing the 1st vol. royal 8vo. 16s. bd.
- Beard's (the Rev. Dr.) Unitarianism Exhibited in its Actual Condition; Essays by several Unitarian Ministers and others, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Brockett's (J. T. Esq.) Glossary of North Country Words, with their Etymology, 3rd edit. corrected and enlarged by W. E. Brockett, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Bourn's (C.) Principles and Practice of Engineering, &c. 3rd edit. 8vo. 15s. cl.—Burne's (Rev. J.) Christian Preacher's Pocket Companion, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Bourke's (R. S.) Petersburg and Moscow: a Visit to the Court of the Czar, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Bunyan's Holy City, or the New Jerusalem, 12mo. 1s. cl.
- Castle's (H. J.) Elementary Text-Book for Young Surveyors and Levellers, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bd.—Colburn's Standard Novels, new series, "The Wild Irish Girl," by Lady Morgan, fcap. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Crompton's (Susan F.) Stories for Sunday Afternoons, sq. 16mo. reduced to 1s. 6d. cl.—Chatterton, a Tale of our Own Times, 12mo. 6s. cl.
- D'Aubigné's (Dr.) History of the Reformation (Collins's edit.) vol. 4. 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd. 2s. cl.; or royal 12mo. 3s. cl.—Dickson's (Dr. S.) Fallacies of the Freely, with Introduction and Notes by Dr. Turner (of New York), People's Edition, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.
- Early Magnetism, in its Higher Relations to Humanity, as vested in the Poets and Prophets, 8vo. 5s. cl.
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